

THE
LAKESIDE MONTHLY.

VOL. XI.—HOLIDAY No., 1873-4.—No. 61.

OLD SNARLEY'S CHRISTMAS.

OLD Snarley stood before the glass shaving. It was a weazen-faced, rusty bit of mirror, scarcely big enough to cast a reflection; but it meant well enough, and tried to fulfil its destiny, like some poor human mirrors, who, let them do the best they can, only blunder and distort the images that other people cast upon them. Old Snarley had sharpened his razor carefully on a hump-backed bit of oil-stone; but had he got the edge as sharp and keen as the breath of the north wind, he could n't have got the grizzly stubble from his face without grumbling. Old Snarley never swore. He was too stingy to be profane. He was n't going to lose the treasures the preachers said were laid up in heaven, he used to say, for the sake merely of relieving himself with an expletive occasionally. Old Snarley was n't the man to do that. He kept his ill-nature within himself, fermenting and souring, as it were, till he was so full that it foamed and frosted all over his lips. He said, "Confound it!" occasionally, but in such a gasping, gulping way that it did n't relieve him any: and I do n't believe the recording angel ever

set it down on the *Dr.* side of Old Snarley's page in the great book above.

Old Snarley was rasping and scraping and scratching his chin, when a *thud—thud—thud!* came at his chamber-door: not one of those clear, quick raps that startle one, and echo in the hall-way, but a timid, muffled, submissive appeal for permission to come in. The door was so accustomed to Old Snarley's disposition, that it dare not sound out as the panels of some doors do; but it was like all of his animate and inanimate surroundings—so Old-Snarley-ridden that it had lost its individuality.

Old Snarley lifted the latch, and grunted a surly "Come in."

"Please, sir, master wishes you a merry Christmas, and would like you to look at this."

"Off with you! Off with you! you little wag-weasel," shouted Old Snarley. "Can't your master keep his bills at home on Christmas day? Is he so hard up that he must come into people's houses on holidays with his due-bills? Off with you! Tell your master there's a time for everything, and

when his time comes I'll pay him. 'The bill is n't due yet. Off with you!'

The boy did n't wait to hear the last of Old Snarley's words, but, leaving the paper in his hand, scampered off, and scarcely breathed again till he got around the corner. And all that day, even after he went home to his mother's cottage, Old Snarley's face would appear before him, like a phantom in a fairy tale. And when he sat down at dinner, munching the brown meat from the turkey-bone, he could see in the steam that rose from the pudding—a plum-pudding, not rich and oily as some people have them, but wholesome corn-meal and raisins, with syrup sauce poured on—he could see in the vapor Old Snarley's half-shaven face, with streaks of lather under the chin; and as he looked at the pudding, he thought that the little pit on the top of it was for all the world just the shape of Old Snarley's nose. And that night, when he lay in his bed in the attic and listened to the rumble of the wagons and stages in the streets, the sound seemed to shape itself into a word, and the monotone of the pavement's music was "wag-weasel," "wag-weasel," "wag-weasel."

Old Snarley slammed the door, and went back to his shaving, muttering to himself as the scraping went on:

"That's the way with them—that's the way with them. An honest man can't buy anything without being bored to death with bills. They do n't send bills to rascals—no they do n't—not a bit of it—not a bit of it! Rascals are never bothered in that way. Confound me if they do n't have more comfort in life than honest men!" And Old Snarley went on with his shaving.

Thud—thud—thud! went the door again. Old Snarley laid his razor down.

"Confound it!" exclaimed he, "there's another one!" And he pulled the door open with a jerk, as if every tradesman in the world were condensed into a door, and he had hold of it.

"Well, well; what now?" said Old

Snarley, as the postman handed him a letter. "Well, what now?"

The postman did n't say "A merry Christmas to you, sir!"—as he had a hundred times that morning—"and may you have many returns of the same!" He knew that wishes and blessings would be lost on Old Snarley, such an ash-heap of emotions as he was! He knew that all the wishes and blessings in the world could n't make him happy that Christmas day; and he went off, thinking how some people were like tubs, and some other people were like baskets. "Old Snarley," said he to himself, "is one of the baskets: you could pour all the pleasure in the world into his life, and he would n't hold a bit." Old Mr. Twinkle, over the way, he thought, was one of the tubs: were it never so small a favor, were it never so meagre a wish, or a smile, even, that he gave to Mr. Twinkle, he seemed to take it all in, and keep it; and the next time he saw Mr. Twinkle he could see it there. "Some people *are* queer," said the postman; and, pious postman that he was, he wondered why God made them so.

Old Snarley looked at the picture before him—a neat, snow-leaved letter, held in a wrinkled, angular, bony hand. A poet would have seen an allegory: purity in the grasp of parsimony; but Old Snarley was no poet, and he saw nothing of the kind: only an envelope, that looked very white beside the parchment-like flesh that held it, directed, in a fine, feminine hand, to

O. L. D. Snarley, Esq.,

144 Jeroboam street,

Up-stairs.

Old Snarley had three initials—the only superfluity he possessed—but he never used them all. It was "O. Snarley," always when he signed his name. Some people said he begrudged the ink it took to write them; but others thought it was because of the word they spelled.

"Another bill, I s'pose," said he, turning it over in his hand; "or else some women's nonsense—charity—Christmas charity-nonsense. I've got nothing for them. People should save money when they're young, if they don't want to starve when they get bed-ridden. 'Let a few of them starve; it'll do 'em good—must die some time—and teach other folks a lesson!'"

Old Snarley never did a kindness, and consequently he never expected one. He saw in other people prototypes of himself; all humanity, to him, was moulded into a single pattern—selfishness—as plaster is moulded into forms of fairies and gods. Old Snarley did n't want kindness. It was to him as sunshine is to mould and mildew; and he seldom let himself feel its warmth. He was afraid it would dry him up, perhaps, and he would crumble and blow away.

Old Snarley still eyed the letter.

"Another bill, as sure 's the world," said he. "Nice way to send them—coward, sneak! Why did n't he come around with it like a man, and face me? Nice way to do business—through the post!" and he opened the envelope and read:

"Mr. Silas Twinkle and Miss Twinkle present their compliments to Mr. Snarley, and would like to see him at dinner with them, at two o'clock on Christmas day.

"141 Jeroboam street.

"Christmas eve."

Old Snarley was struck; he floundered; he came near going over altogether; but he recovered himself, wiped his razor, put it in a little dried-up box, and wiped the lather off his face. Then he sat down and took the letter, read it over again, and looked carefully at the address; but it was "O. L. D. Snarley, Esq.," as plain as the nose on his face. But he was soon himself again.

"I will go," said he; "yes sir, I will go. That man Twinkle is a ninny. He sits and smokes his pipe and

laughs all day, as if there was nothing else to be done in this world. That's the man Twinkle is—nobody—nobody! I'll go; I'll show them; they thought I wouldn't come—wanted to show me they had dinner-parties—I'll show them!" And Old Snarley hurried about briskly, with the prospect of making somebody miserable.

Old Mr. Twinkle and Miss Maria lived just across the way. A little, stout, good-natured old man was he; and she was a soft-voiced, gentle little woman. Nobody knew what Old Twinkle did for a living. Some said he lived off his daughter's earnings; some said he had money in the bank; and others, that he had a rich son away somewhere, who used to send him money in those letters that came to Miss Maria every Thursday morning. But Mr. Twinkle was jolly and comfortable, if he did n't have anything to do. If they asked him about business, he always chuckled, and said business did n't trouble him; if they asked him how Miss Maria was doing with her scholars, he would say, "Well enough, I guess; if they do n't learn of her, it's their own fault; she knows it all." If anyone asked him how he was going to get through the "hard times this winter," he always laughed, and said, "The lame and lazy are always cared for." People got out of patience when they questioned Mr. Twinkle about his income; and where he came from, nobody knew. Four years ago he and Miss Maria moved into their little house—moved in the books and the piano and the easy-chair. In a few days, a sign,

"INSTRUCTION IN
VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL
MUSIC,"

was put upon the door. Miss Maria got pupils, and taught them all they ever wanted to know; and some of them wondered if her knowledge ever gave out. Everybody loved her, but the children loved her best.

The Persians have a fable, showing that a deed of kindness always sheds a perfume as sweet and balmy as the lotus flower. Miss Maria's presence was like this perfume.

Somebody told Mrs. Sharp, who lived around the corner, that Miss Maria had a lover once, who went away and never came back, nor any tidings of him; and Mrs. Sharp told Mrs. Bruce about it; and Mrs. Bruce told Mrs. Fry; and little Becky Fry overheard the story, and the next time she went to take her music-lesson she looked up into Miss Maria's face and said, in her frank, childish way:

"Miss Maria, were you ever in love?"

Miss Maria stooped till her lips touched the little girl's forehead, and hiding her eyes in the soft hair, answered:

"Yes, dearie, often; I am in love with you."

Then she kissed the little girl again; and turning silently to her piano, absently caressed the keys, until Becky called her to herself again. Becky told her mother that Miss Maria acted "so queer" that afternoon.

Old Snarley came promptly at two o'clock. Mr. Twinkle met him at the door with a cordial "Merry Christmas," and a grasp of the hand that made Old Snarley squirm. Miss Maria welcomed him into a bright parlor, and rolled a huge easy-chair up to the grate for him, beside the one in which her father always sat. And he, Mr. Twinkle, sat down and talked politics with Old Snarley, and assented to all of Old Snarley's notions and whims, so that he had no chance to grumble; and so magical was the fire-light, that its flickering seemed to make a smile on Old Snarley's face; and so comfortable was the chair, that he forgot himself, and was really contented.

"I am glad you came in, sir — glad you came over," said Mr. Twinkle to his guest, when the conversation had

lagged for want of a topic. "I pity you, from the bottom of my heart, living over there all alone, Mr. Snarley; indeed I do. Life has n't so many pleasures that we can afford to throw any away. I do n't understand, Mr. Snarley, why you should shut yourself off from all your fellow-men, as you do. If you were a king in exile, it would do; if you had lost all your money and friends, you might have some excuse; if your heart had been torn out of you by a faithless wife and unnatural children, we might expect such a thing."

There were tears in Old Snarley's eyes — tears that were strangers there; and they rolled down the gutters in his cheeks, and lost themselves in his grizzly moustache and beard. Mr. Twinkle had uncovered a secret that he had almost forgotten. There are inscriptions on some of our hearts, like those on the Dighton rocks, that are never seen except at dead low-tide.

Mr. Twinkle continued: "I can't imagine, Mr. Snarley, what you think life is. I do n't understand what kind of stuff you are made of. I should die in a fortnight, if I lived as you do — I know I should. By the great Tycoon, Snarley, I want to stir you up a little to-day! We're going to have a good dinner, and some little folks, and some fun. I do n't believe I ever saw you laugh, Snarley. I do n't believe I ever did."

Miss Maria entered. "Will the gentlemen walk down to the dining-room?"

Mr. Twinkle took Old Snarley by the arm, and led him down to the basement. There was the dinner — and such a dinner! A brown turkey was lying on his back with his legs in the air, and, beside him, a rich, ripe ham, stuck all around with cloves, as St. Sebastian was with arrows; a steaming coffee-pot, and a pyramid of bread as white as a snow-heap.

Old Snarley bowed to the hostess, and took his seat. Old Snarley felt

very queer. Mr. Twinkle twinkled all over with sunshiny smiles, and talked incessantly. Miss Maria sat silently; but her eyes, which seemed always to be looking at something far away, were bright and beautiful; and Mr. Twinkle, who always did like to look into Miss Maria's eyes, noticed that they were peculiarly beautiful to-day; and he looked into the sunlight for relief.

Scarcely was dessert served, when there was a rush of childish feet across the floor above, and a murmur of childish voices came like a gust of melody down the stairs.

"There are the little folks, Maria," said Mr. Twinkle; "they would better be looked after, I guess."

Old Snarley started nervously. He did n't like children, nor did children like him. Old Snarley always forgot that he was a child once, and the children always forgot they owed respect to age like his. But Mr. Twinkle popped off again:

"Never mind the little folks, Snarley; never mind 'em. Maria has got some fixin's up stairs, and I want you to see 'em. It will do you good, Snarley—it will do you good."

Old Snarley sat uncomfortably in his chair. The conflict of emotions that was going on within him was something new to his nature. People who have lived in dungeons say that sunshine is painful to them when they come out. Old Snarley had been living so long in the dusky dungeons of discontent that it was with difficulty that he could breathe this air of pure happiness, and he was bewildered by this hospitality. Old Snarley felt very queer.

When the dessert was finished, and Mr. Twinkle and his uneasy guest had sipped their coffee, the host led the way to the parlors, where Miss Maria and her music-class were busy with some mysterious preparations. When the children saw Old Snarley, they talked in a subdued, dismal manner, as people do when there is a coffin in

the house; but Miss Maria closed the doors, and Old Snarley sank into the easy-chair again, more bewildered than ever. When a burst of laughter came from behind the panels, he would move about nervously; but he sat quietly, and watched the clouds of smoke that rose from Mr. Twinkle's pipe. In his half-dream, Old Snarley saw strange pictures then. The spell of the magician was upon him; the wand of the genii touched the Past, and the years that were buried in Old Snarley's memory seemed to come out to air themselves, and they passed in review before him. He saw childhood, youth, and pleasure; he saw love, and he heard marriage-bells; he saw a home, a wife, and a child that bore features strangely like his own; he saw clouds hovering over the hearthstone, and a wifeless, childless house. There was a change of scene—new faces, a new atmosphere, a dreary back chamber, and loneliness.

These pictures set Old Snarley trembling, and he shook as if he had been seized with convulsions. The parlor-doors opened. He heard music; and he thought he saw something beautiful before him—an animated picture, glowing faces, bright costumes; and, half realizing his existence, Old Snarley wondered if things were as they seemed to him.

"Bravo! bravo!" shouted jolly old Mr. Twinkle.

Old Snarley looked again; but there was a mist before his eyes, and the figures in the room were whirling. He sank back into his chair exhausted, and closed his eyes, lest he should fall. But he could n't close his ears, and he heard sounds that went farther down into his heart, he thought, than his own memory. It was a simple minor melody, plaintive and subdued at first, but growing stronger and more impulsive as it was lengthened out, till it broke into impatient bursts of sound; and it seemed to Old Snarley like the spirit of the Past within him crying for release. He would have screamed,

but his suffering was too intense for utterance; and he sat there with his hands clenched till the tendons of his arms ached, and his feet frozen to the floor. The sound changed: the movement modulated into soothing tenderness, and then into a soft, delicious cadence—and Old Snarley breathed again.

As Miss Maria held the concluding chords under her hands, the door-bell rang; and, without waiting for a response, a tall, brown-faced, big whiskered man entered.

Miss Maria cried out something, and in an instant was hidden in the tall young man's arms. Mr. Twinkle pranced about the room regardless of his rheumatism, and gave utterance to ejaculations I have no reason to record here. The children seized their hats and bonnets, and ran home to tell their mothers that Miss Maria's lover had come; and Old Snarley staggered, unnoticed, into the hall-way and into the street.

It was dark when Old Snarley reached his lodgings, for so bewildered was he that he lost himself in the throngs in the street, and wandered, no one knows how far, before he came to himself again. He crept up to his cold chamber like a guilty thing. He poured so much coal in the fire that the grate groaned, so unused was it to such prodigality; and he sank into his chair exhausted.

"It is he!" he muttered, "as sure as my name is Snar—Munson. Charley, they called him—that was his name—that was his name—Charles Munson—Charles Munson!" And Old Snarley repeated the words, as if they were echoing through the cavern of his memory.

"I thought he was dead; they told me so. I wonder if he knew? No! that could n't be: he was only five years old when—I wonder where she is? She must be dead—she must be!" and old Snarley ceased soliloquizing in broken gasps.

Old Snarley paced the creaky floor of his chamber, muttering disconnected sentences that even the spiders in

the corners could not hear; and then, taking a bunch of rusty keys from his safe, he opened a chest that had stood—his landlady said "ages"—in the corner, and he took from it a woman's dresses, and bonnets, and ribbons, faded and dusty and old, and children's garments, musty and moth-eaten. Old Snarley looked at the pile till his head swam, and he staggered to his chair. There he sat, his head buried in his hands, till the clock had struck nine—ten—eleven—twelve—one.

The coals he had heaped up on the grate were a pile of ashes; the room was as cold as a cellar again. Old Snarley shivered, looked at his watch absently, and, taking the garments that lay on the floor, put them back carefully into the chest, closed the lid, and locked it. The lines on his face had softened; the cold, hard look in his eyes was gone. Old Snarley was a changed man.

Two days passed by, and regularly each morning Old Snarley was seen going into Mr. Twinkle's door. The second day he came out in the afternoon, leaning on the tall young man's arm; and the two went together down the street.

Miss Maria looked as if she had bathed in the waters of Lethe, and had washed away the traces of a dozen years. Old Mr. Twinkle talked and smoked more than ever. The postman passed the house on Thursday without leaving a letter.

On the morning of the third day this advertisement appeared in the newspapers:

BUSINESS NOTICE.—All parties having unsettled accounts with O. L. D. SNARLEY, Broker, 144 Jericho street, are hereby notified to present them at the office of Nixon & Egg for adjustment, within thirty days.

The sign that had been on Mr. Twinkle's door so long was taken down by the housemaid. In a few days a card, "*To Let*," was posted in its place; and Old Snarley's landlady was advertising for lodgers.

William E. Curtis.

THE STILLE VOLKE.

PART I.

"FRITZ, come here quick! The snow-flakes are falling. If you do not hurry you will be too late for the *stille volke*. You know they always come nearest to us in the first snow."

"How do you know they do? I do not believe there are any *stille volke*, Gretchen," said Fritz; but he came to the window, notwithstanding his unbelief.

"Why, Fritz, how dare you say that, and when they can hear you, too?" said Gretchen. "I know, because papa says so. Listen now: *Stille volke*, I want three things very much: I want to be very good; and I want to be very beautiful; and then I want to die."

Just then the wind touched an *Æolian* chord, and the plaintive murmur seemed to come in answer to the child's request: the amen to the prayer. Fritz was silenced for the moment, and Gretchen turned her radiant face toward him. "They have heard me: I knew they would."

"Pshaw! it was only the strings I fixed in the window this morning," said Fritz, coolly.

"It may be only the strings," answered Gretchen; "but the *stille volke* spoke over them to me. Now, quick, ask something for yourself."

"What is the use of asking?" said twelve-year-old Fritz, who thought he knew everything almost; anyway, he knew enough to know there was no such thing as *stille volke*—or, as we call them, fairies—now-a-days. There might have been in old times. He would admit a *perhaps* then, but not now. It was only a story Herr Wagner told Gretchen to keep her quiet. Gretchen was a girl, and girls always believed such things. He was a boy, and boys did not. Boys are infinitely

wiser and of more consequence than girls—at least "Dutch" boys think they are. And Fritz and Gretchen were a little boy and girl, living way over the ocean, in a small German town. Never mind its name; it is too small a town to be put down on your map, but it has its place on God's map: one little green spot at the foot of a great mountain. Fritz and Gretchen thought it a beautiful place; so we will. It was to them the best place in the world, for it was home; and like the wild deer that roamed through the forest, these children had been allowed to chase rabbits and gather wild flowers at will, charged only to keep their father's house in sight.

Sometimes they had gone with Marie up to the *chalet*, and eaten lunch there with their father and other huntsmen. They liked this kind of life, so much of it out-doors, and free; and then, when winter came, and the ice-man, Gretchen would have told you "that was the most splendid of all, except Sundays." Sunday, for her, was the white-day. She wore her bright blue merino then, and went with her father and mother to church. This was a ride of ten miles; and Hans drove, and Gretchen sat in her father's lap, and her father always told her stories—stories out of Wonderland, he said; stories that took her to Wonderland, she said. Perfectly contented, she would sit with her curly head lying back on his shoulder, her big blue eyes opening wider and wider with delight over the strange things he would relate.

Herr Wagner was very fond of his *lieblich*. He had hardly thought of petting his other children. But it seemed as though this little one he could not love enough. She had

come like a blossom into their life, long after the harvest-time. Hans and Marie, the older children, never had a thought of being jealous of Gretchen. How could they, when they were as proud of her as ever their father was? Frau Wagner would often say, with her hearty laugh, pointing at them, "See my two babies!" and then Gretchen and her father would both laugh and go on with their play or story-telling, very much like the two children they were.

When Gretchen was three years old, her Cousin Fritz came to live with them. His father and mother were both dead, and his aunt's home was his after that. To Gretchen he was a brother. Though six years the older, he was even then ten years nearer to her than her own brother Hans. And Marie had been married now a year come Christmas, so Fritz and Gretchen were the children left to fill the house with sunshine and gladness. I am sorry to say Fritz did not do as much towards making the sunshine as Gretchen did—she seemed to have a wonderful power of lighting up any and every place she went into—but he was a boy, and that is not boy's work, is it?

"When do you scold that child?" Frau Kline had asked of Frau Wagner one Sunday when they were gossiping together between service.

"Scold her!" Frau Wagner looked aghast; and with no more than that first exclamation did she answer Frau Kline's question. Scold her! scold Gretchen! there had as yet been no need. She was one of those little pieces of humanity that come sometimes either to deny the truth of original sin, or else to prove it more emphatically by the one exception. Gretchen, with her six years of spotless childhood, had little need to ask the fairy to make her good. But that brings me back to the children at the window.

"I should think there would be some use in asking, Fritz, when you know it is the Good Father that sends

them to us. Every little boy and girl that has good parents—and surely we have—has a fairy to watch over them, to give them what is good for them, and to keep them safe when there is danger around. Do n't you know how papa told us about the little Jacques, who could not walk at all? how he lay on his bed and looked out of the window, and asked the fairy to give him wings so he could fly away up to the great White Throne? So, one night when he was fast asleep, God gave the fairy two lovely white wings, and she put them on little Jacques, and then he flew right away up to Heaven, and there, you know, he could walk."

"But that was only a story," interrupted Fritz. "I do not believe any such lame Jacques ever lived; if he did, he never had any wings, unless you call crutches wings. And I do not think they would be very beautiful."

"May be his wings were only crutches; but crutches would be beautiful, I think, if they carried one to heaven. I know the fairy would make them shine and look pretty to him. Then, Fritz, you surely remember how Emilie got lost on the mountain, and how, when it came on night, she was so scared, for the wind made such a noise through the trees, and she was cold; so she sat down at the foot of a tree and cried just as hard as she could; and pretty soon she heard something drop on a leaf by her side; she looked, and there was a dew-drop."

"Dew-drop on a freezing night like that! Pshaw, Gretchen, it was one of her own tears; can't you see?" said practical Fritz.

"It was not one of her tears," continued Gretchen, unruffled by his remarks; "she had her kerchief; her tears were on that. But it was a tear, nevertheless—the *stille volke's* tear. Then, in a few moments, a little white lamb came close to Emilie, and laid his soft woolly head against her face. Then she was not afraid any more.

She put her arms around his neck and kissed his warm, woolly cheek; and when he turned to go away, she knew she was to follow him. It had grown so dark she could not see anything but the little white lamb; so she kept one hand on his neck, and so both trotted on, zigzag around the big trees, till he brought her safe down the mountain to her father's door. But when she went to take the lamb into the house, and tell her parents how he had led her home, he had disappeared; and then Emilie knew it was the *stille volke* the Good Father had sent to take care of her. I am sure, Fritz, if we are good, they will love us and take care of us just as they did little Emilie. I think they are very nice. I like to have papa tell me about the elves and brownies; but, best of all, do I like the *stille volke*. Somehow, they seem nearer to the White Throne in heaven, because they are so quiet like."

"What do you know of the White Throne and heaven, Gretchen?" said Fritz, in a lower tone; "Herr Goldschmidt says there is not any heaven. He says there is nothing more when people die. And why should n't he know as well as your father, or Herr Kline?"

"Why, Fritz, if there is not any heaven, where would God and the Christ-child stay?" said Gretchen, soberly.

"Herr Goldschmidt says there is not any God. I hear him talking when I go over to Herr Cranie's for my lessons; and he says that men that know anything do n't believe in the Bible now. He says the Scientists—I think that is what he calls them—can prove it is all false; and that God did not make the world; it made itself, some way, by natural laws; and so we need not worship Him. And he says this world is all. When we die, it is nothing more than when a horse or dog dies. And we know that is the end of them."

"But, Fritz, we have souls, and the

horse and dog have not. If God did not give us the soul, may be we would be just like the horse and dog. But we do n't live like them; and I do n't believe we can die like them. Herr Goldschmidt is a wicked man; papa says so; and you ought not to listen to him, because you know there is a God. And, Fritz, do n't you believe you will see your own mother and father up there in the heaven? Do n't you think there is something in you that cannot stop living? I know there is in me." And the little eager face turned back longingly toward the window and gazed far up into the clouded sky. With the look came a remembrance of their errand at the window, and she said, quite sadly for her, "You will not ask the *stille volke* for anything, Fritz?"

"What is the use? It is all nonsense. How could the *stille volke* give me what I want? I want to be a great man; have much power; be a soldier, at the head of the army; have the country ring with praise for my conduct on the field; have honors heaped upon me for having gained some victory. I want to do something great for my country. Pshaw! they might keep a little girl like you from getting lost, but how can they give glory to a man like me?"

"They would help you, I know, if you asked them rightly," said Gretchen, with a sigh. And then, as Fritz made no offer to speak for himself, her little silvery voice fell into a half whisper as she took his hand in hers and said: "*Stille volke*, do not be angry with our Fritz, but help him to be a great man, and a good man. Give him the soldier-life, and all the honor he wants, and keep him from ever forgetting that the Good Father lives in heaven, and loves us."

While she was speaking, the wind played softly over the harp-strings. Gretchen believed it was the *stille volke's* way of answering. Fritz was not as hardened when the answer was for himself as when it had been for another. The children waited a

few moments as the sun came out and melted the light snow. Then Frau Wagner called Gretchen, and Fritz went back to his book, where, in reading of renowned warriors, he put himself in the leader's place, and rode at the head of the grand army unto victory and glory, till the boy's heart thrilled with the anticipation of the future.

PART II.

"Gretchen, Gretchen! Where can the girl be? I have not caught sight of her for an hour, and it is most the time for Fritz to be coming along the mountain. Where can the girl be? Carl, had you a sight of Gretchen?" said Frau Wagner, joining her husband in the garden.

"Yes, I had just a sight of her, and that was all," said Herr Wagner, smiling. "She was going like a young deer up the mountain-side."

"Gone to meet Fritz, I dare say. She forgets what a great man he is now. An officer in the King's army, with his coat half covered with crosses of honor, and his heart, most like, hardened with all his glory, so that his child playmate, Gretchen, is forgotten."

"Nay, Luise, I cannot think that of our Fritz. Do you forget the good letters he has written to us? And remember, wife, how grateful he was for your nursing him through the fever; and how he blessed Hans for the little thing he did. We have not seen him now for some years, but his heart is no harder than ever it was."

"Aye, aye, Carl, I remember; but sometimes I think words are so easily said that they do not mean much; and sometimes I have thought may be the letters did our Gretchen no good. What is she to him? Nothing. But what is the great man of the world to our Gretchen? A great deal, I fear, or why should she grow so white when Herr Steinberg wanted her for his wife? He's a good man, and a rich one, and would have given her a fine home. Or, when Herr Von Reister begged for

the same: sure she could never think to do better than with him?"

"But, wife, the child is young; surely you cannot want her to go away from you?"

"*Nein*," said Frau Wagner, shaking her head; "*nein*," but she will go soon, and not where you will want her to go, either. If you were not blind when you look at her, you would see for yourself, and not leave it for me to tell you now. She is going there, over there, into the God's-acre, to lie down all alone."

"Luise, this is your fancy. Gretchen is well; she never complains."

"Yes, never complains; that is it. Well, we shall see;" and Frau Wagner turned and went quickly into the house, lest her husband should see a stray tear on her cheek.

Soon after, Herr Wagner caught sight of the two children—always children to him—coming along the mountain-path together. Gretchen, seeing her father in his customary place, sounded the *jodel*, and its ringing echo penetrated the house and brought Frau Wagner to the garden in time to welcome their adopted son after his long absence.

"Ah-ha! Fraulein, thy mother has been in a great worry for thee," said Herr Wagner, smiling.

"She might have known I was gone to keep my promise," said Gretchen, with a merry laugh. "When Fritz went away, I walked with him to the fairy-tree, and I promised him then to meet him there on his return, so I had to keep my promise, had I not, father?"

"Yes; give him all the welcome you can. But I should hardly think you would have recognized our Fritz in this tall, bearded man, with his glittering sword."

"I should have known our Fritz anywhere," said Gretchen, laughing. "His dress does not change him. Mother, is it too cold to have our tea out here?"

"Indeed, it is, child. I am shivering

now. We must all go into the house. There is a storm coming from the north;" and Frau Wagner led the way into the house, with Fritz walking and talking at her side. But Gretchen and her father, arm in arm, loitered on the walk. The father seemed to cling to the child as he had never done before, and he read in her bright eyes and red cheeks something he had never thought to read there. When they did go in, it was just in time for Gretchen to hear from her mother's lips the question, "Do you think Gretchen changed?" Involuntarily she waited for the answer that came briefly from Fritz: "Very much."

Then they had supper, and Fritz told them about himself—told of some of the hardships in the early part of his soldier's career; told of the battles, and how the promotions and honors had been gained; how, from both court and people, he had received praise and thanks; and, at last, the high position he was now placed in.

Gretchen listened to it all with sparkling eyes; called him Fritz, as though they were boy and girl again, instead of man and woman; made him tell her, over and over, how this cross had been won, and that badge given; and for it all, told him she was so proud of her brother.

Then all Fritz said was, "Are you?" and he walked away into the front room, and looked out of the window upon the familiar view beyond. In a few moments, he called out, "Gretchen, come here quick! it is snowing."

"No, no, Fritz, it is only the moonlight on the silver leaf."

"No, Gretchen, it is real snow; come and see."

"It is early in the year for snow," said Gretchen, going to the window. "It will not last long. I cannot remember when we have had snow at this time."

"Can you not? I can; once, long ago—it must be twelve years now—but I always think of it when the first snowflakes fall. Perhaps you cannot

remember: you were a wee thing then, Gretchen, and it was you who called me to the window, and bade me hurry lest I should not be in time to talk to the *stille volke*. Do n't you remember it now?"

"Yes," said Gretchen, softly. "We were children then, and asked, as children will, for what they want most at that time. They have been long in answering my wishes; but, Fritz, surely they have given you what you desired?"

"What they have given me only makes me want the more. Gretchen, do you believe in the *stille volke* now?"

"Yes," she answered gently; "but not as fairy-spirits. They are the silent people—God's angels—seeking to do His will, guarding us from evil, teaching us the good. Like good thoughts, they come into our hearts, and guide our hands to do good deeds, and sometimes they come to bring us the wings, you know."

"Yes, sometimes. Do you remember all you asked for me twelve years ago? May God bless you for your wish that night! In the midst of evil and infidelity in the life I have lived, there has been always in my heart a thought of Gretchen and the *stille volke*, that has saved my soul from destruction—brought it zigzag down the mountain-side as safely to its father's house as was the little Emilie led of old. The time I was in the hospital, and they said my right leg would have to be cut off because they could not get the ball out, I lay there for a long time, and all I could think of was the Jacques you used to tell about. All that night I was out of my head with the fever. I tossed about so they had to strap me down; and then I begged and beseeched of them not to put the wings on until I had been to see Gretchen. It was the next morning Hans came; and with his care and nursing they saved my limb; so, if I get to heaven, Gretchen, it will have to be without the wings."

Gretchen did not speak, and Fritz, bending forward, saw tears running down her cheeks.

"*Liebling*," said he, taking her hand, "once Gretchen had to ask for Fritz, and now let Fritz ask for Gretchen. *Stille volke*, teach our Gretchen to love one who loves her best of all

the world; who cares for power and fame only as it may do the Good Father service, and make his Gretchen well and happy as his wife. *Stille volke*, teach Gretchen to love Fritz."

Aye, but Fritz, she needs no teaching. It is the lesson the *stille volke* have taught her all her life — *love*.

Anna Gould.

PROFESSOR KELLERMANN'S FUNERAL.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

IT had snowed persistently all day, and now, at night, the wind had risen and blew in furious gusts against the windows, a bleak December gale.

The Professor tramped steadily up and down his floor, up and down his floor, from wall to wall, and back again. It was not a cheerful room: with but one strip of carpet, a chair or two, a table and bedstead, and one dim tallow candle, flickering in a vain struggle to give anything better than a sickly light, which was afflicted, at uncertain intervals, with violent convulsions. No, it was not a pleasant place, for the Professor was poor, and lived a lonely, hermit-like life in the heart of the great German city.

He had no relations — no friends. He was not a popular man, though he had once been well known, and the public had all applauded his great scholarship. His books, one after another, as they came out, if they brought him no money, had brought him some fame then; but the last one had appeared years ago, and been commented upon, and conscientiously put aside, and the public, never very much interested in the author personally, had about forgotten him.

During these long years he had been living secluded, waging a perpetual

war with himself. Entangled in the meshes of the subtle German infidelity, which was at variance with his earlier training, he found himself encompassed about by unbelief — unbelief in the orthodox theology of his youth, unbelief, also, in the philosophy of this metaphysical land. A man of vast learning, and a close student, he discovered his knowledge to be always conflicting; and thus the long debate within him was no nearer a termination than at the moment when the first doubt had asserted itself.

Preyed upon by this harassing mental anxiety, and by encroaching poverty, he was seized by a nervous fever, which had gradually undermined his health, and almost disordered his mind.

And now, this night, in a condition of exhaustion, weary of life and its ceaseless struggle — without friends, without money, without hope — his black despair, like the evil tempter, rose before him and suggested a thought from which he had at first drawn back appalled. But it was only for a moment. Why not put an end forever to all these troubles? Had he not worked for years, and had he ever done the world any good, or had the world ever done him any good? No! The world was retrograding daily. The

selfishness of humanity, instead of lessening, was constantly growing worse. How had they repaid him for his long studies? He had shut himself up and labored over heavy questions in metaphysics—sifting, searching, reading, thinking—only for a few thankless ones, who had glanced at his works, smiled a faint smile of praise, and straightway left them and him to be lost again in obscurity!

The future was dark, the present a labyrinth of care and suffering, from which there was but the one escape. Then why not accept it? So he had been arguing with himself all the evening, and, in his growing excitement, pacing the floor of his garret to and fro with a quick, nervous tread. But there had another cause risen in his mind which he, at first, would hardly acknowledge to himself.

A faint, undefined shadow, as it were, of his early faith stirred within him, and before him the "oblivion" of death was peopled with a thousand appalling fancies, illumined by the red flame of an eternal torment. In vain he strove to dispel it by remembering the more rational doctrine of reason, that death is but a dreamless sleep, lasting forever.

Suddenly, feeling conscious of the heinousness of the crime he was meditating, and knowing that he was in an unnatural feverish condition, he paused abruptly in his hurried tramp, stood a few moments utterly motionless, then, dropping on his knees, he made a vow that he would take twenty-four hours to consider the deed, and, if it was done, it should not be done rashly. "Hear me, O Heaven!" springing up, he cried; "Heaven! Heaven!—There is no Heaven! Vow!—to whom did I vow? There is no God!" Muttering a faint laugh, he said, after a moment: "I vowed to myself; and the vow shall be kept. Not all the theories and philosophies of Germany shall cheat me out of it."

It seemed like the last struggle of his soul to assert itself. Almost stag-

gering with exhaustion, he fell upon the bed and slept.

A gentle breeze from the far past blew around him in his native land. He saw the white cliff at whose base the sea-foam threw up its glittering sprays with a ceaseless strain of music. He saw the green meadows, where the quiet, meek-eyed cattle found a pasture, stretching away to the green hills, where flocks of sheep browsed in the pleasant shade beneath the tall oak trees. He saw, far off on the highest summit of the wavy ridge, the turrets of the great castle rear themselves above the foliage like a crown—the royal diadem upon all these sun-bathed hills and valleys. He stood within the cottage, the happy cottage under the sheltering sycamores; and, brighter, clearer, more beautiful than all these, he saw a face look down upon him with a calm and earnest smile. It was the home of his childhood, it was the face of his mother, all raised in the mirage of sleep—a radiant vision lifted from the heavy gloom of forty years, years upon which Immanuel Kant, years upon which the Transcendental school had crept with their baleful influence, poisonous as the deadly nightshade.

He struggled to speak, and awakened. A dream, yes, all a dream! He pressed his hands against his brow. A dream? Yes, childhood had been but a dream. Life itself is but an unhappy dream.

The wild December wind still blew with a rattling noise against the windows, and sometimes swept round the corner with a dreary, half-smothered cry. The candle had burned down almost to the socket, and was seized more frequently than before with its painful spasms, making each gaunt shadow of the few pieces of furniture writhe in a weird, silent dance on the wall. As the Professor sat on the bed, they appeared to him like voiceless demons, performing some diabolical ceremony, luring his soul to destruction. Then they seemed moving in fantastic measure to a soundless dirge,

which he strained his ears to hear, when the candle burned steadily, and they paused in their dumb incantation.

A loud knock, which shook the door, made the Professor start up amazed, and the shadows re-begin their uncanny pantomime. For a moment he stood stupefied with surprise. It was far in the small hours of the night, and visitors at any time were unknown. He had lived there for months an utter stranger, and no footsteps but his own had ever crossed the floor. An uncontrollable fit of trembling came upon him, and he lay down once more, thinking it all the creation of his overwrought fancy. But the knock was repeated louder than before, and the gaunt shadows again made violent signals to each other in their speechless dialect, as though their grim desires were just then upon the eve of accomplishment.

With an effort the Professor got up and said "Come!" but the word died away in his throat, a faint whisper. He tried it a second time; then, partially overruling the weakness that had seized upon him, crossed the room and opened the door.

"Good gracious! What's the matter with you?" said a voice from out of the dark on the landing.

It was the son of the undertaker, who lived down stairs. They were not acquainted, and had never spoken, but they had often passed each other in the street—though, until that moment, the Professor was not aware that he had ever even noticed him; but now he recognized him and drew back. The young man, however, entered uninvited.

"I say, what the deuce is the matter with you?"

"Nothing. What do you want, sir?"

"Want! Why your face is as white as a sheet, and your eyes, your eyes are—confound me if I want anything!" he said, backing to the door in alarm.

Indeed, the expression which rested on the features of the Professor was

hardly pleasant to look at alone, and in the night. But, having followed his instinct, so far as to his bodily preservation, and having backed into the hall so that the Professor could hardly distinguish the outline of his figure, the young man's courage got the better of his fright. He came to a standstill, passed his hand nervously round his neck, cleared his throat several times, and then, in a husky voice—caused, evidently, by his recent alarm, and not by the message, singular as it was, that he came to deliver—said:

"We want you. It is Christmas—we want you for a corpse."

It may have been a very ordinary thing to them, considering their profession, to want people for corpses, either at Christmas or any other time; but it was hardly an ordinary thing to the Professor to be wanted for one; and the announcement was certainly somewhat startling, made in a sepulchral tone from out the gloom. It was the stranger, too, in that the young man himself appeared rather faint-hearted for one who entertained so malevolent a desire, and had the boldness to make the assertion outright. The Professor for a moment fairly thought him in league with the shadows, for they were at work once more, beckoning and pointing fiercely, as the wind swept up the staircase, to the indistinct figure out in the dusk, that was the son of the undertaker, and who said again:

"We want you, sir, for a corpse—"

Here he paused abruptly, to clear his throat anew, as though he found himself disagreeably embarrassed by the unfriendly appearance of his host, whose face, if it had been pale at first, was of a gray, ashen color now. He evidently could not see why his request should have been taken in such ill part, and he stammered and stuttered, and was about ready to begin again, when the Professor said:

"You will likely get me."

The peculiar expression that rested on the Professor's mouth as he uttered

these words, was hardly encouraging; but the young man—as though everybody would recognize that it was absolutely essential to them, in order that they might celebrate the great gala-day with their family, to have a corpse, just as other people had a tree—immediately brightened up, and, advancing a step or two, said gratefully:

"I am very glad, sir; I am very glad. It is Christmas, you know, and I told them as how I thought you'd do, for you are spare, sir, and—"

Here he found another blockade in his throat, which, after a slight struggle, he swallowed, and went on:

"I told them as how I thought you'd do, sir, for you see we want somebody that is small and thin, and will be light to carry after he is all fixed up. Hans Blauroch did for us last time; but this year, instead of parading Santa Claus up and down the street, we've concluded to bury him. It will be something new this Christmas; and Hans is too heavy to carry; and when I thought of you, sir, I just took the liberty of coming right up; because it's near daylight, and there ain't no great while left to get the funeral ready."

So the blockhead had finally jerked out what he came for, which was not so malevolent after all as he had at first made it appear. He deserved, rather, to be praised for his persistency than censured for his awkwardness, considering the difficulties under which he had labored.

The Professor did not show whether he felt relieved by this *dénouement*. He had listened without moving; and when the young man finished speaking he hesitated a moment, then, with the same peculiar expression visible about his mouth, said he would be glad to place himself at their service; he would be with them directly; that he had not been feeling well; indeed, he only an hour ago almost fainted, and had not yet recovered when he heard the knock upon his door; but he was feeling better, and would come down immediately.

The young man laughed good-naturedly as he replied:

"I am obliged to say I did not like the looks of you at first. You must have been out of your head."

The Professor waited until the last echo of the retreating footsteps died away down at the bottom of the stairs, then shut his door.

"A strange thing," he muttered: "what have I to do with Christmas? I, who have studied, studied! I had forgotten there was any time called Christmas. What is it to a scholar? Philosophy says nothing about it; and reason would teach that—ah, yes, it, too, is a dream, a dream within the dream called life. Then what have I to do with it? Why did I promise? I will not go. Yet my vow—twenty-four hours. I dare not trust myself alone. A funeral, did he say? I will see how it feels; yes, for I will probably need one in another day. They wanted me, 'for a corpse,' and I said they would likely get me, and I would be glad to 'place myself at their service.' Ha, ha! They can bury me twice. But my vow, my vow! I will not trust myself alone. It is nothing to me; I will go."

He had been tramping again rapidly up and down the room, when he suddenly turned, took up his hat, looked around for a moment at the shadows that were still making unintelligible signs to each other, then extinguished them in darkness and slowly went down stairs.

The lodgings were directly over the undertaker's establishment. Living so secluded, speaking to none, it had never occurred to the Professor before what a grim place he had chosen for his home. But now the silver-barred coffins in the show-case were ghastly as he passed.

Night had not yet yielded up her supremacy. A heavy covering of snow, that clung to every roof, tower, and spire, made the place look unreal through the gloom, like some colorless apparition of a great spectre city.

Close-blinded, silent and cold, without one glimmer of life, the houses faced each other down the long street. Far off, the ghostly dome and pinnacles of the cathedral reached into the sky—the empty, soundless sky—for the wind had fallen away, leaving a gray expanse that seemed to stretch through infinitude. But, though the Professor did not notice, there was a rift that divided the dreary cloud down near the horizon, and disclosed, brighter than the pale light of the coming day, a star shining in the East.

And it was Christmas morning.

The Professor walked block after block, feeling unconsciously refreshed by the crisp air upon his heated brow. Then he turned back, and when he had reached the building went down an alley-way and entered by a door in the rear.

A great confusion and general dimness, not lessened any by two or three candles that were burning, pervaded the room, which was long and ran almost across the house. Half a dozen men were standing or moving about, and some were sitting or leaning upon coffins and biers, that covered all the floor, except where they occasionally left narrow passages between, like irregular aisles.

At the Professor's entrance, the young man who had paid him so friendly a visit came up instantly, took hold of him by the arm, and turned him round, with the exclamation:

"Here he is, father! He is thin enough to be easily carried."

The man denominated "father" by the young off-shoot of the establishment surveyed the Professor with a critical eye from head to foot, and, as there could be no better sample of physical spareness than he presented, said, laconically:

"He'll do."

Then there was new confusion and bustling about, and two or three persons immediately seized the Professor, one by his hair, one by his feet, one by his arms. With a grim smile, he sub-

mitted, in perfect silence, to the operations of this dressing committee.

He saw himself—him, Gustave Kellermann, the philosopher—blossom into brilliant colors, scarlet and blue and orange. He saw them clasp a girdle round his waist, to which they hung gilded toys and bells in all directions, until he was fairly covered over with trinkets of every device. He felt them encase his head—his learned, metaphysical head—in a cap that was adorned at the point and round the sides with innumerable swinging-dolls.

It had been daylight three or four hours when all the mysterious preparations, which had been done almost without speaking a single word, were finally completed, and everything waited in readiness.

There, strangely conspicuous in that dismal room, with its dismal paraphernalia of death, was a brilliant, half-human, half-monkey-like creature, standing up on its hind legs, and flaming all over in gaudy colors. To this grotesque figure, the important actor, evidently the chief agent in the contract, a man of brief speech, came up and said, brusquely:

"Now, you are dead, you know, and have nothing to do but be dead. You are not to be fidgeting, or stirring round, or peeping. When you are dead, you are dead, you know, and that is all."

O Immanuel Kant! O transcendental school! Good reasoning! When you are dead, you are *dead*.

Then they picked up this half-human, half-monkey-like object, which had uttered not one word, placed it in a coffin, and put upon it a mask-face. Carrying it out by the rear door, they raised it and set it down on a catafalque, draped in a black velvet pall, and ornamented with tall black funeral plumes.

O vain pomp and grandeur of death! When you are dead, you are *dead*.

A confused hurry and tramp of many feet was succeeded by a pause, and some one said, "Ready."

The procession reached the open avenue and moved slowly down the street to the sound of a funeral march. Solemnly, with measured tread, they advanced, and the people flocked to the doors on every side. There was a cry of surprise and alarm. "What is it?" "Who is it?" ran from lip to lip. The crowd gathered. The procession, with its sable plumes and ribbons of *crepe*, still continued on its way. There was the sound of lamentation, and at every moment the throng and confusion increased, the multitude thickened, and men, women and children were held off by the guard. Do they go to the great cemetery? No, they turned eastward, and at the Rosenthal halted. There the wondering spectators saw, in its centre, a pure white tomb. Before it the catafalque was brought to a stand, and the coffin solemnly lowered.

Immediately a broken shout ran through the crowd, that was taken up and repeated until it grew into a laugh, and men and women, catching up the children, cried:

"It is Kriss Kringle! Ha! ha! See, child, it is Kriss Kringle. He is dead. Kriss Kringle is dead!"

It was a great relief to the people, so suddenly alarmed, and they good humoredly held up the little ones, saying:

"See! Kriss Kringle is dead. He will never come any more. He is dead!"

There was a silence; and many little faces, awe-stricken, looked sorrowfully down, and many little arms were stretched out, and many little voices, quivering, sobbed:

"No, no, no! He will come back. He brought us pretty things. He will come back to us."

O Immanuel Kant! O transcendental school! Is your strength still greater than this?

There was a stir under the heavy pall, and a voice—hark! a voice.

"Yes, children, I will come back to you. I have come back to you!" And from beneath the sable funeral drape-

ry, Kriss Kringle sprang, all jingling with silver bells, and flashing with a thousand toys.

Then again there was great confusion, but this time no sound of lamentation; and the solemn funeral march swept into a strain of joyful music. And the children! Oh, the children, in wild delight, played in circles about the queer, grotesque being, who set to work destroying the snow-tomb. He threw it at them in small crystal showers that called up, each time as they fell, a burst of gleeful laughter. He detached the bright toys from his girdle, from his cap, from his elbows, from his knees, and rained them down upon the little ones who raced round him in their mad frolic. Then he took off the false face and threw it far away, and the people, in surprise, cried, "It is the Professor!" and drew back awe-struck, to think they had taken such liberties with so renowned a scholar. But the children never paused in their romp; and he said, while they scrambled about him in merry laughter:

"I have come back to you, children. I have come back to you!"

And in his heart he cried, "I knew not what life was; then how should I know of death?" O Immanuel Kant! O transcendental school! Here are those who teach a philosophy of which you know nothing—a philosophy higher than the critics; a philosophy of life; a philosophy of love; a philosophy of death that is no sleep!

The sun came out and spread a jewelled splendor on the snow, over which, hand-in-hand, the happy children danced.

The Professor is an old man now, and the fame of his learning has become great in the land. And all the people tell about his funeral; and how, every Christmas since, in his scarlet clothes and furs, laden with "pretty things," he leads the children in their play, and scatters on them a thousand toys, while they, in gleeful groups, join their hands and dance.

Florence McLandburgh.

A GREAT RAILROAD, AND ITS VANQUISHER.

TO the people of Illinois, now grappling in a great fight with modern American despotism—corporate monopoly—it may be interesting to note how the Central Pacific Railroad, of California, beginning with a most poor and small commencement, grew from power to power, until it became the Pacific Caesar, issuing its imperial rescripts directly to ten thousand men, and flourishing its lordly pretorian *do dico addico* over fifty counties, some of them as large as Vermont; and how there came up out of the people a plain little man, who stood like a rock against it, who broke the back of its power, and established for it metes and bounds at last.

How very poor and small that commencement was, let a few facts attest. In 1849, or '50, Leland Stanford, the inspiring genius of this now imposing power, arrived in California with scarcely more than the raiment he wore upon him and his good, brave will. True, he afterward became Governor of the State, but this brought him small riches; and when the work was begun it is doubtful whether he could have commanded \$50,000 by the cashing of all his assets; and of even this, not the half was ever ventured in the undertaking. Another commanding spirit, he on whom the celebrated four leaned as a lever to open the pockets of Eastern capitalists—C. P. Huntington, the Vice-President, was a man whose treasure was his honest name.

Not a great many weeks ago, there met in a little, luxurious parlor of San Francisco, two men, C. P. Huntington and Michael Reese, each many times a millionaire—one to sell, and the other to buy, a controlling share of the Central Pacific. One might almost, without exaggeration, compare this cozy-parlor spectacle of San Francisco

to that other scene, some twenty centuries ago, where three men sat down together to parcel out the Roman Empire. On comparing notes, these two men found they had begun life years ago in the same Atlantic State, each as a pedestrian peddler, wearily lugging his pack of borrowed goods over the hills! Doubtless, either of them more than once "consoled himself for the loss of a breakfast by the possibility of a dinner."

Eleven years ago the next eighth of January, the wife of Governor Stanford—a noble matron—in the presence of a few spectators, largely sceptical, perhaps, sprinkled a handful of earth on the beginning of the work, and then baptized the young giant. By the end of December, 1863, the Company had constructed a wooden bridge 5,750 feet long across American River, and had laid four miles of track, thus getting well out of Sacramento, and over the river. One lonely locomotive did duty for more than a year; but in the spring of 1865 two others were added. For many months all the work for the railroad was performed in a dubious wooden tenement, 24x100 feet in dimensions, and required the labor of only twenty men. These were the days when it gained from the wits of San Francisco the appellation of "Dutch Flat Swindie," an appellation which will be immortal.

From that time it made head slowly, but continually, and waxed mighty in the land. It rescued to Sacramento its imperilled position as the great traffic and railroad centre of the State. In the early days, when California was mapped out only with reference to its mines, the theory was that the main trade currents would flow parallel with the axial line of the great central basin, nearly north and south. Men seemed

to regard the Placers as bound to endure always, and a system of roads was planned accordingly, skirting along the base of the Sierra Nevada, bowing quite around Sacramento, and taking to the salt water at Freeport, twenty miles below that city. But as soon as the Central Pacific had climbed well into the mountains, it punctured this pretty, gold-rimmed bubble, skewed the trade-lines round, and made those running north and south along the great basin only feeders, while itself became the trunk. It made Sacramento the eye of California. The State was now revamped as an agricultural one.

The facility with which the Central swallowed down, one after another, all the independent lines of the State, with a throat more capacious than that of St. George's dragon, is curious and instructive to see. Pampered on Government gifts, it grew as no road living only on the trade of the land could grow. Ridiculed by all in the days of its small things, when grown, its vast revenge had stomach for them all. The Sacramento Valley Railroad, the pioneer of the coast, reached out from Sacramento to Folsom, tapping the heart of the great gold-fields. Conducted with the recklessness and extravagance universal in those halcyon times, it speedily went to the bad after the decay of the Placers: and in a feeble and wasted old age of fourteen years, in 1870, it fell helplessly into the hands of the Central.

The San Francisco & San José Railroad, which is in California like the Berlin & Potsdam, or the Paris & Versailles line in Europe, went next. It was conceived in folly and managed in unwisdom. Running for nearly fifty miles an almost continuous gauntlet of gorgeous villas and country-seats, and with the enormous wealth of a suburban population tributary to it for that distance, it continued to furnish cars so mean, to keep its track so flimsy, and to hold its fares so high, that there were few regrets when it,

too, passed into the hands of the Central. Of course, the San Franciscans felt their local pride wounded; but they hoped for improvement under a larger management.

Twice in its career has the Central Pacific been hardly beset and menaced: once by the Western Pacific, and once by the California Pacific. From the first, it was delivered by an act of base, official betrayal: from the second, by plenty of gold. The Western was projected to run from San Francisco down to the Bay, and would, therefore, have been virtually the outlet to the Central, and able to dictate terms to it, nearly as much as is the Union Pacific at Ogden. It had from the General Government the same subsidy of land per mile as the Central; and through its chief promoter, J. G. Phelps, then a rival railroad magnate to Leland Stanford, appeared before the Legislature asking State assistance at the same time with the Central. Governor Low, with a gross and shameful partiality, vetoed the Western subsidy bill, and signed the Central, so helping the latter with California money until it could begin to claim National bounty. Thus it over-topped, obstructed, and finally crushed out and bought, for a trifle, the only railroad south of the Sacramento River that stood in its way. Since that, as if Mr. Phelps had not been humiliated enough, the Federal ring in Washington intrigued to have him removed from his place as Collector of the Port of San Francisco. Thus it is, that the Central managers, in addition to their own unquestioned enterprise and sagacity, have been assisted by the meanest and most dishonest partiality, as well as by the most prodigal National munificence ever witnessed in any country.

On the north side of the Sacramento was the California Pacific, which held another, and the only remaining outlet to the seaboard, *via* Vallejo. For years the managers of the "existing system" placidly tolerated this rival,

seeming to believe it would fall into their hands, like a ripened plum in the fulness of time. Perhaps they even hoped it would eventually go to bankruptcy, and they would then compassionately gather it in for a trifle. The California Pacific people, on their part, appeared to be waiting for an offer; but after long delay, and some coquetting, they set out with a great accession of vigor, as if determined to make or break the road finally. It was publicly announced that the road was to be continued up the Sacramento Valley and into the Mountains; bear away through the northeast corner of the State and across the Plains; join the Union Pacific or a new line; so establishing a formidable overland rival to the Central. A heavy accession of capital was got from Frankfort-on-the-Main; several bankers of that city were elected Directors; and the Company proceeded so far as to give out a contract to D. C. Haskins to grade a hundred miles of track up the Sacramento. Mr. Haskins, at least, was in thorough earnest, and afterwards was about to bring suit against the Company for a failure to comply with their contract. Then it was that the Central officers became alarmed; and at last they set about buying in the road in good earnest. But they had now, as a penalty for the delay, to pay a round sum for it, \$1,600,000; and this may be accounted, perhaps, a less adroit operation than any other in their history.

As to the enormous swindles of the Contract and Finance Company, they are known of all men. John B. Felton, one of the most brilliant, but unstable and unscrupulous, minds of California, who now stands bowing, hat in hand, before the railroad magnates, only two years ago laid bare these swindles with a most sharp and unsparing knife. He was the attorney for Samuel Brannan, in 1871, in a suit which the latter brought against the Company; and in that capacity he averred that, to the

best of his information and belief, the first 7 18-100 miles of road and telegraph cost a little less than \$11,500 a mile; the next 150 miles, less than \$42,000 a mile; the whole road and telegraph line, 637 32-100 miles long, an average of about \$21,000 a mile; and that the total cost of the road, fully furnished and equipped, was \$21,559,190. President Stanford states the cost at \$138,434,262. Mr. Felton further avers that the Central Pacific managers, by forming a close ring—"a wheel within a wheel"—called the Contract and Finance Company, by letting themselves the contracts for constructing the road, and sub-letting them to other parties at an enormous reduction in price, did fraudulently appropriate to themselves lands, bonds, money, and other property, to the value of \$206,632,661.50 1-2. But this statement is incredible and preposterous. Nobody believes the Contract and Finance Company stole more than a hundred millions.

On the other hand, it is only just to admit here an extenuating circumstance, as stated by a special advocate:

"The Central Pacific was not obliged to be completed until 1876. None of the lands or moneys donated to this Company would have been forfeited had there not been but fifty miles of the road built. Governor Stanford and his associates would have made at least twenty millions of dollars by waiting until the war was over before commencing the work. None knew this better than themselves; but they were patriotic enough to commence the work right in the middle of the war, at a time when iron and all material and supplies were extravagantly high; and when, too, the bonds received from the Government were extremely low. They sold these for forty cents on the dollar, which securities would now bring one hundred cents on the dollar. They purchased iron and supplies at twice the price they are now. And why did they do this? Because they were determined to show the

world that theirs was not a speculative, but a genuine and legitimate enterprise. And, though it cost them sacrifices such as few men ever made before, they built the road in just *one half* of the time allowed them by Congress."

Thus the great railroad at last stood completed and alone, without a rival. Look, now, what an enormous power it had become with which to cope. 1,222 miles of road, covering all the habitable land; and 56 vessels, covering all the navigable waters in California, Nevada, and much of Utah. Ten thousand men—before the Company had received the recent check—earned their bread at its hands, and are therefore certain to support its ticket. Five thousand more, merchants, manufacturers, shippers, hotel-keepers, along the line, find their business at its mercy, and are almost equally certain to be its political servers. Three, more or less, subsidized newspapers in the two chief cities, with an aggregate daily circulation of about 35,000 copies, speak the words it would have spoken, and others in the interior give them ready echo. Its line of telegraph, complete across the Plains, and with vast ramifications on this side, furnishes those papers with early and ample intelligence. It owns one half the stock—the whole valued at \$10,000,000—of the only express company on the coast, whose hand is in every man's house, for it dispatches nearly as many business letters as the Government. Besides its one Senator and its two Representatives, it has, in Washington, its pro-consul, Franchot, entertaining regally, in a gorgeous mansion, with a reputed salary of a score of thousands, and a contingent service fund of—what he will. A clear working majority in the California Legislature and Supreme Court, and an "undivided half" in some twenty or thirty County Boards of Supervisors. (This until the late elections.) It dispatches one of its principal officers to Asia to negotiate for its commerce, and turn it across this continent.

At home there seemed to be no limit to the power of its bullying, its blandishments, and its gold. Does a fool-hardy Legislature seek to reduce its fares and freights? They are taken up in gorgeous palace-cars to the top of a great and high mountain, and bidden to look back upon the grades, the tunnels, the snow-sheds, the fearful and giddy engineering above Cape Horn. They go back with their stomachs filled, and comforted with rare birds and rich old wine; and when the bill comes up, they are ashamed, and vote it down. Does that same supple Legislature enact a brace of aid-bills, imposing taxation that would have bankrupted at least five counties, *exempti gratiâ*, fixing on Kern a debt of \$480,000, while the total taxable values in that county are only \$435,000 (*vide* Governor Haight's speech in Platt's Hall, 1871)? and does the Governor veto the same? So powerful is the unseen influence driving Members up, that those bills are saved from being carried over his veto only by the single vote of a Senator, who drags himself from his death-bed to cast it. Does San Francisco—rousing herself from a long, sluggish sleep, with somewhat of the old fire of '56 and the Vigilance times—appoint from her most tried and trusted citizens a Committee of One Hundred to "see to it that the Republic gets no harm?" Straightway an unseen tempter Legins to hover over them with insidious approaches, cuts away the ground from under one and another, until they fall into his toils; dissension creeps in; the meetings come often to unseemly brawling; old and respected citizens hover on the ragged edge of pugilism; disruption and secession thin the assemblies, until at last there is left a poor remnant of thirty-odd who are of one mind; and San Francisco quietly and sadly puts out her hand and brushes them all aside, lest they should make a bad scandal a great deal worse.

We come now to the second branch

of my topic, to consider the man who, above all others in California, put an effectual bit in the mouth of this strong iron horse. That man is Newton Booth, Governor of this Commonwealth. It was not he who first put a check upon this great corporation—thus much must be conceded—for Governor Haight had before resisted it successfully in its demands for subsidy; and San Francisco had, with Governor Booth's able assistance, saved Goat Island; but to Booth belongs the great and unquestioned honor of having been the first to set the battle in array: to "define the issue," as the politicians say, to combine and lead the forces to grand, concerted attack. What signifies it that Jo Hamilton, eleven years ago, and Eugene Casserly, all through his Senatorial career, have lifted up their voices against the principle of public subsidies to railroads? What boots it that fifty men discovered gold in California before Marshall did? Not one of them all had force enough in him to make men listen. Suppose Governor Booth was a little tardy? So was Sheridan tardy at Winchester; but who won that fight?

A native of Indiana, born about the year 1826, he was admitted to the bar at twenty-one, and practiced until 1850, when he was swept off with the rest to California. Arrived here, he soon discovered that Mercury was a more reliable god to serve than Pluto: and he let the diggings alone, set up a tent in Sacramento, and commenced selling goods. He throve steadily: and there is not to-day a firm in better repute for honest dealing than N. Booth & Co. A student of politics, rather than a politician, he did not seek office. Hence, for many years, in this blatant land of ours, where so many men understand the great art of How to Get into Office—politics—and so few that other neglected art of How to Get out of Office—statesmanship—he moved along in his busy, quiet obscurity. He was elected to the State Senate in 1857, I think, and surprised that body by a masterly

speech on finance and political economy, in the early days of the Rebellion, when the State was profoundly agitated. From that office—in which he might have been said to have followed the example of "Single-Speech Hamilton"—he retired to private life, there to remain in unostentatious industry until 1871. In that year he was nominated for Governor, against H. H. Haight, the candidate of the "chivalry wing" of the Democracy. The Sacramento "Union" made Herculean efforts in his behalf, before the Republican Convention, against Thomas H. Selby, San Francisco's favorite; and, with the help of the interior press, carried him through to a nomination, to the great mortification of the metropolis, although that city has long since forgiven the victory, and has accorded to the Governor some of the most cordial and magnificent ovations ever tendered to a Pacific hero. From being the favorite candidate of the "Union" and the State Capital, Newton Booth has become the popular idol—I use the word deliberately—of the Pacific Slope. But the "Union" is deserving of much credit, nevertheless, for its efforts in securing the nomination to a sensitive and shrinking man.

One might, not inaptly, call Governor Booth the Thiers of California; and the likeness will more fully appear further along. He is like him in his short stature, but not in the sharp, drawn face of the late *Chef de Pouvoir Executif*. The Governor is a blonde, both in physiognomy and in temperament. The face presents a fine, regular oval, and is lighted up by a bright eye and a pleasant smile. Like Thiers, the Governor is nervous, avoiding pomp and vain display, with manners far removed from those of the universal, hand-shaking politician—may his tribe decrease!—but rather those of a refined and cultivated scholar, greatly beloved by a small circle of intimate friends. Like the late French President, too, he is a thorough student; not an omnivorous reader, but making

rather a specialty of history and political economy. Governor Booth is "familiar, but by no means vulgar." He knows how to repel the modern type of "interviewer," or other intruder, in a way that would make him feel himself in close proximity to a marble statue of the mighty Julius; but the friends he has, and their adoption tried, he grapples to his soul with hooks of steel. Courteous, affable, warm-hearted, sometimes vivacious and enthusiastic as a school-boy, he makes plenty of friends; yet there is in his nature a reserve fund of trenchant sarcasm.

He was never married; but the honors of his household are done by his mother.

His thorough goodness and integrity are attested even by his political enemies. As an instance of this, Job Dye—a staunch, life-long Democrat—during the gubernatorial canvass, was riding in a stage-coach with John F. Porter, sometime Sheriff of Santa Cruz county, and an old Whig, when, the candidates coming under discussion, Dye said he had bought goods of Newton Booth for twenty years, and, if his vote would make him Governor, he would leave Nevada, where he was then living, come over to California, and stay long enough to entitle him to vote.

Before he had participated in politics, Governor Booth had established a reputation as a scholarly and brilliant writer. Some years ago he published in the "Overland Monthly" a biographical memoir, which was notable for its elegant diction and its thorough study of character. Last winter he delivered a lecture on Swedenborg; but that he is not a disciple of the great Swede is sufficiently attested by the fact that Rev. John Doughty, pastor of the Swedenborgian Church of San Francisco, replied to the lecture, and dissected it rather sharply. Besides this, he has delivered a number of lectures and addresses. His political speeches are written out with great care,

and copies of them given to the printers, to assure accuracy. They are as finished and classic productions as the finest magazine articles.

Although not massive and of grand majestic movement, like Webster's, Governor Booth's speeches are remarkable for their fire and cogency, their luminous reasoning, their terrible incision. He belongs rather to the light than to the heavy infantry in the battalions of logic; but his assaults are almost invincible. He lights with somewhat of that *furia Celtica* which Caesar describes—not in manner, but in thought and phrase—which cuts the enemy to pieces. For cutting and withering sarcasm, which severs, like a good Damascus blade, with such a clean, smooth cleft that the parts remain adhering, his speeches are wonderful.

As a pure philippic, I account his great and unequalled speech delivered last September in Platt's Hall, as without a parallel in the whole range of American literature. Not since those never-to-be-forgotten days of 1861 have the hearts of men been so moved, more than with a trumpet, as by the clarion ring of that magnificent speech. On the remotest borders of this great State, in the far mining camps of the North, or on the arid plains of the South, a man sitting alone and quietly in his house would pick up the newspaper in a casual mood, and commence reading it as he would any other political speech, listlessly; but presently he would find himself irresistibly swept into the current of its magic sentences, growing more and more intent, as on a novel of Wilkie Collins, until he reached that grand climax of defiance: "it ought never again to be within the limits of human hardihood for any man to intimate to this people that they must vote a ticket sealed with a corporation approval; or, while they pay taxes and owe military service, they forfeit their claims upon the protection of the Government; that they are born thralls, not freemen"—he would leap to his feet in uncontrollable enthusiasm,

swing his hat in the air, and give cheer after cheer, as though he were in a crowded assembly, and not alone.

As to the Governor's public record, a few points: It is always necessary, and wise, to hear what a man's political enemies have to say concerning him. It is urged against him that he is inconsistent in making his present fight against the Central Pacific monopoly and domination in politics, because, in 1871, he ran for Governor against Haight, who was then recognized as the earliest assailant of that monopoly. It is charged that the great railroad threw all its vast influence for him in that year; that every vote which it could control—and they were legion—was imperatively bidden to be cast for Booth; and that the Federal ring, which meddles and muddles so much of late in State politics, was in coalition with the railroad, and caused the 1,300 navy-yard employes of Vallejo, to be marched to the polls and voted in a solid body—with open cardboard tickets, held above their heads till they reached the polls—all for Newton Booth. Suppose all this is true, what is the meaning of it? Simply this: Governor Haight, after much vacillation and weakness, had at last, toward the end of his term, worked himself out into the clear, open ground of anti-monopoly, and had vetoed a bill on which the great corporation had set their hearts. The great corporation thereupon declared that this man should hold office no more in California. And it was because H. H. Haight was a tried man, and Newton Booth was an untried man, that they gave their mighty influence for the latter, in the hope that he would be a change for the better. The Republican and Democratic platforms were equally anti-monopoly in 1871; and surely it was no crime in Governor Booth to run on a platform as good as his antagonist's, even if that antagonist, by reason of his position, had had opportunity to give earlier expression to anti-subsidy views than him-

self. And in his campaign speech of July 21, 1871, Newton Booth made a powerful and luminous speech against the whole principle of subsidy to railroads.

Second: He is assailed on the ground of having opposed Chinese immigration, only since the date of his candidacy for Governor, and that merely with the hope of tickling the popular ear, and catching the popular vote. It is charged that when he was in the State Senate, about the time of the Burlingame Chinese Treaty, and when there was heard a great deal in California about "the brotherhood of man," he was in favor of Chinese immigration; and that he even declared he did not wish to be elected to the State Senate, unless it could be done on the basis of George C. Gorham's famous Chinese letter. Let us suppose all this to be true, likewise. It would be extremely difficult to find a Republican of prominence in California who opposed Chinese immigration as long ago as 1856 or 1860. In fact, it is quite a matter of history that Republicans and Democrats alike, when they were men of substance, and needed laborers in large numbers, were strongly in favor of Chinese immigration as long ago as that; and many are yet. But, is a man debarred by any possible or imaginary political statute of limitations from changing an opinion he may have entertained for six, eight, ten or twelve years? Since when has it been forbidden to a man to grow wiser with the revolving seasons, and to slough his skin of ideas, like a snake, when it grows too small?

A vast majority of Californians whose opinions are worth anything, once looked upon the presence of the Chinese as necessary to the development of this coast, so thinly peopled by white men. I will not say that they were right; but, owing property here, and chafing to see "enterprises of great pith and moment" languish for want of laborers, it was extremely natural that they should think so; and

indeed, it would hardly have been possible that they should think otherwise. If Newton Booth advocated Chinese immigration in 1861, who shall forbid him from denouncing it in 1871, when the enormous and unexpected influx of Mongolians was threatening our institutions, even our safety, and alarming all men? Curse on this miserable cant about inconsistency! Let a man be faithful to his own convictions, as they grow up year by year within his own breast—that is the real consistency; and that is what Newton Booth has done.

So much for the character and public record of the best Governor California ever had. If he is not the father, he is at least the god-father of this great and excellent revolt against railroad dictation and political partyism. If not the author, he is at least the finisher of our faith. I do not regard his mind as a really original or creative one. Perhaps the utmost that can be claimed for him is, that after this revolt against partyism had been fomenting for years in San Francisco,—for amid all the fulminations of vain-glory, this fact remains indisputable, that California is the birthplace of the Independent, or Third Party, as Illinois is of the Anti-Railroad Movement—he took it up and made it National. In regard of those brave spirits who have warred down party corruption for so many years in San Francisco, from King of William, the martyr, down to Alvord, Governor Booth occupies the relation of Blucher to Scharnhorst; of Shakspeare to the obscure old chronicler who first wrote "Hamlet." He possesses the happy faculty of taking great ideas early in their inception, and so crowning them with luminous reason and splendid power, that they presently astonish their authors, and are scarcely recognizable by them. He is constantly stigmatized by the reactionists as "a sedentary person;" and "a dreamer;" and a "mere theorist." Nothing is more absurd. All originators of great ideas are divine dreamers:

but Governor Booth falls one rank below them. He takes the stuff that dreams are made of and converts it into intensely practical truths. Like Abraham Lincoln, he is a timely man—not ahead of his age. He plays the part that the French continually boast they play towards Germany. He purges, refines, and gifts, with splendid life, the thoughts and things that obscure men have dug up out of the depths of the world.

As to the triumph over the great monopoly to which he has led the Independent forces, it may be well to premise that it is difficult to reckon up the results of a moral victory. The fact that work was suspended on all the new lines, some thousands of laborers discharged, and that "retrenchment and reform" has become the watchword at all points, counts for nothing; because no rational man wishes to destroy the railroad, but only to make it subject under the law. Perhaps the most signal instance or demonstration of his bloodless victory, is the fact that recently the chiefs of the great road have twice replied, through the public prints, to one and the same charge of unequal freight-rates—a thing unprecedented in the eleven years of their history. Never before has a high officer deigned to appeal and explain to the public through a newspaper. In this regard their history has been dignified with a touch even of sublimity in it; and this sudden falling from so lofty a pedestal, shows weakness; shows a mortal hurt somewhere. Another flag of truce was hung out soon after the great Platt's Hall speech, when the Superintendent issued and directed to be "posted conspicuously" in every station on their 1,222 miles of road, a notice to employés, most courteously written, directing them to treat the patrons of the road, not as if they were doing them a favor, but in such a way that they, the patrons, would desire to continue their patronage. It was, in every respect, a manly and high-minded order; and,

considered with reference to the *time* when it was issued, it was peculiarly acceptable to the people.

Such are some of the small and silent, but most telling, tokens of victory. They presage a better understanding between the people and the great Company. But a vast deal yet

remains to be done to clinch the nail that has been driven. The verdict of the voters drove it home, but legislation must fasten it well. These are only the entering steps of that "reform now," which Governor Booth solemnly warned his hearers was the sole alternative to "revolution hereafter."

Stephen Powers.

WIDOW HUNT'S CHRISTMAS.

DREARY and forlorn enough the poor little cottage looked that cold Christmas eve,—dreary and forlorn outside, with its dark brown paint, its thin—very thin—line of smoke from the chimney, and its faint flickering light, struggling out over the snow from the window; and dreary and forlorn inside, where the pinched, half-starved fire on the hearth gave the only light that fell on a few bits of rickety furniture—a wretched bed, a relic of a table, a shaky chair or two, and a wreck of a woman. Old, white-haired, bent, and altogether broken down, Widow Hunt sat cowering over the embers, trying to keep warm.

She was not alone—the bleak little room was full of ghosts;—ghosts of the dead, gone Christmases of long, long ago, beginning away back in her childhood, when a happy home made Christmas the gem of the year, up through blissful girlhood, happy wifehood, and blessed motherhood. The room was peopled with happy faces, of father, mother, husband, children, and friends.

But other and darker shadows were there—memories of sad and lonely Christmases, as one after another of her dear ones laid down life's burdens, leaving her fewer and fewer on earth, till all had joined the shadowy hosts, and old, broken down, and utterly

hopeless, she dragged on her allotted days—alone.

"It's a dreary thing to live to be old," she muttered to herself; "to bury all one's own, and have not one to smooth the way to the grave. And bitterer still to be poor, with little strength to earn one's bread. And it's hardest of all when the happy Christmas time comes around, and all the world is glad but you. 'Man's days are few and full of trouble,' the Bible says; but mine have been many and full of trouble.

"Well, well," with a deep sigh, as she rose to make her preparations for bed, "I must live them out—day by day, hour by hour, pang by pang—I can't miss one."

Just at this moment there came a knock at the door.

"Who can that be?" she said, as she hobbled across the room. "Must be somebody's sick;" and she opened the door.

No one was there, but a big covered basket stood on the step. She did not see the laughing, boyish faces peering out of the darkness, and a flush of pleasure went over her face.

"I'm not quite so friendless as I thought," she said, smiling, to herself, as she went in and closed the door; "there's a bit of Christian charity left in the world. Some kind heart did

remember the widow to-night. Blessed be the Lord for His mercies!"

As quickly as her rheumatism would let her, she hurried about and lighted a small end of candle and held it over the basket, her heart all in a glow of thankfulness to her unknown benefactor. A card was tied to the handle, on which was written:

"Wish you merry Christmas."

Hastily her trembling fingers untied the string, lifted the cover, when out sprang a big black cat!

One faint exclamation of horror—the light dropped, and all was dark!

Two young men stole away from the window, when they had witnessed this scene, as quietly as they had come, and not so gaily.

"I'm afraid that was a cruel joke, Will," said Ned Barclay when they reached the road. "Poor old thing, how forlorn she looked!"

"Oh, pho!" said Will, "she's old and tough, and she can bear it well enough. Now let's carry the mock oranges down to Bill Jones'."

"No, I won't do it," said Ned; "I think it's mean;" and he turned towards home.

"Well, I won't go alone," said Will; "so, here goes!"

He gave the basket he held a toss; it went crashing against a tree, and there was a rattle of mock oranges on the walk.

As for the Widow Hunt, I do n't like to go back and tell how she groped on the floor for her candle, stumbled around and got a match and lighted it again, to drive out her unwelcome visitor, which she found under her bed, with eyes glaring like coals of fire, and fur all ruffled up; and how she opened the door, and how she drove him out, with many a "scat," and then—having thoroughly driven out what little warmth there was in the room—more dismal than before, she crept into bed.

"I know it was Ned Barclay," she said to herself, as she thought over the cruel joke, "for I've seen that basket

in his mother's shed. I do n't suppose he meant any harm, for he's a good-hearted boy; but he'll be sorry for it some day—when he is older."

It was a vastly different home to which Ned Barclay turned his steps that Christmas eve. Situated in the edge of the village, surrounded with trees and shrubbery, with everything that taste could suggest and ample means could collect to make it a delightful home within and without, scarcely a greater contrast could be conceived than it formed to Widow Hunt's cottage.

Lighted and warmed from cellar to attic, and fragrant with countless flowers, it awaited the coming of the gay young villagers who were invited to spend Christmas eve under its hospitable roof.

"Ned," said his mother, as he entered the house, "where have you been? It's time for you to dress."

Ned stepped to the parlor door.

"How pleasant you look here, mother! and I declare"—walking up to her—"how handsome you are to-night! I do n't believe there'll be a lady here who can compare with you;" and he laid his hand fondly on her soft gray hair.

The two were alone in the world, and he was very fond of his beautiful mother.

"I never saw this dress, did I?" he asked, touching the rich velvet she wore.

"No; I got it on purpose to do honor to your Christmas party. How do you like it?"

"It's superb! just the thing; and, by the way, I've got something up-stairs that you need, to make your dress perfect. I guess it can't wait for your stocking to - night."

He ran lightly up-stairs, and returned in a few moments with a little morocco case, from which he took an exquisite diamond spray for the hair.

"Why, Ned," said his mother, "what an extravagant boy! This

must have cost a small fortune! It's perfectly beautiful!"

"It did n't cost a cent too much for my mother," said the boy proudly, as he fastened the spray in her hair; "and whatever it cost I saved out of my year's allowance."

"You're a dear thoughtful boy," said she fondly; "what should I do without you, I wonder?"

What made Ned think so suddenly of that other gray-haired woman he had seen through the window that night, and sent such a pang through his heart as he remembered how thoughtlessly he had added to her misery?

"Ned, go and dress, dear," said Mrs. Barclay, consulting her watch; "it is late now."

"I'll be hanged if I have n't a mind to rig up a basket for that old crone, and carry it down there yet. I can't get rid of her face—how forlorn she did look! I suppose she has been as dear to somebody as my mother is to me," he added. "It's so late now, though, I suppose I can't to-night; but I'll make it up to her somehow; and I'll bet Will Towne do n't get me into any more such scrapes."

The holidays were filled with pleasure parties and entertainments, and after them came his return to school; and so it happened that months went by before Ned thought of Widow Hunt again. The winter and spring passed in study, the summer in a long, delightful journey with his mother, and the next fall saw him back at his books, taller and manlier than ever.

Widow Hunt, older, more rheumatic and bent, still struggled on, eking out a miserable existence through the summer, when there was a good deal of sickness and her services were in demand, but half starving as cold weather came on and disease died out.

Not that disease wholly disappeared. There was one quarter of the town where it was always rampant, where sickness and death were in nearly

every house, and where only good Samaritans went to heal and bless.

In that place raged, nearly all the year, the pest of the civilized world—small-pox. And into that wretched place, on an unfortunate day, Mrs. Barclay went on some errands of mercy to the afflicted, and brought out with her the seeds of that most loathsome disease.

As soon as the nature of her illness was known, every servant left the house. The doctor sent for her son, and started out to find a nurse. In his search he came upon the cottage of Widow Hunt, and remembering that she was a nurse, knocked at the door.

She bade him come in, and he entered the dismal room, more pinched and poverty stricken than the year before.

"How are you, to-day, Mrs. Hunt?" asked the doctor.

"About as usual," she answered. "Too well for one so old and friendless as I."

"Tut! tut! you would n't want to be sick, would you?"

"Sick unto death would be the greatest blessing in the world for me," said the old woman, rocking back and forth in her ricketty chair.

"Well, it is a little hard on you," said the doctor more gently, for he remembered when she was young and fair, and surrounded by bright children. "It is hard to travel the downhill of life alone, neighbor; but there's a work of Christian charity down in the village, waiting for some kind Christian to accept, and seems to me you're just the one to do it."

"What is it?" she asked, indifferently.

"Mrs. Barclay is down with the worst kind of small-pox; all her servants have left her, and she is positively alone in the house. I've sent for her son."

"Mrs. Barclay!" said the old woman with interest. "I'll go right over. I know all about that disease. My son Willy died of it."

"So he did; I remember," said the doctor. "Well, I'm glad you'll go; she needs some one bad enough;" and he rose to leave.

"I'll be there in half an hour," said the widow, hurrying around the room to put her few things together.

"I'll call in half an hour with my sleigh, and take you right down," said the doctor.

He did so; and when they reached the Barclay house, he led her directly to the sick-room. There, at the side of the bed, his face buried in his hands, sat the miserable son.

"Do n't give way so, my man," said the doctor, laying his hands on Ned's shoulder; "we may bring her through yet. I've brought a tip-top nurse."

Ned looked up, and saw Widow Hunt. A flush went over his pale face; but he turned to the doctor:

"Oh, doctor, you must save her! She's all I have in the world."

"I shall spare no pains, you may be sure," said the doctor, preparing some medicines, and writing directions for the nurse.

She meanwhile had removed her things, put on a pair of list slippers, and was quietly straightening up the room, turning up the blinds, putting bottles and glasses out of sight, hanging up the towels, and otherwise making it more comfortable.

Well, dismal weeks passed in that beautiful home, with no one in it but those three. Widow Hunt proved a most skilful nurse; and with the help of the devoted Ned, who never left the house, she and the doctor managed to bring the patient safely through the crisis, and into convalescence.

"Ned," said his mother one day, when at last she was much better and able to sit up most of the day, "you'll never be proud of your mother's looks again."

"I'm so glad to have a mother at all," said Ned, feelingly, "that I do n't care a fig for her looks."

"What a treasure Mrs. Hunt has proved!" said Mrs. Barclay, after a

pause. "Ned, we must do something handsome for her."

"Indeed we must," said Ned. "Dr. Brant says I owe your life to her skill and untiring vigilance. And that is n't the only debt I owe either, mother," he went on hastily. "I want to tell you a mean joke I played on her last Christmas."

"Not very mean, I guess," said Mrs. Barclay, smiling.

"Well, it was n't intentionally mean—it was thoughtless—but it seemed mean afterwards;" and Ned went on and told the whole story, ending up with: "Now, mother, I want to do something for her this Christmas, which is most here, to make up a thousand times for the one pang I gave the good old soul. You think up something splendid to do."

"Well, I'll think," said Mrs. Barclay. And she did, through the long days that she sat in her easy-chair, getting well and strong; and this was the plan, as it was finally arranged:

It wanted but a week to Christmas, and though Widow Hunt had suggested that her services might be dispensed with, since the servants had returned and the patient was mostly well, Mrs. Barclay would not hear to it, and insisted on her remaining another week, till she felt quite strong. Meanwhile, she rode out every day, and during these long drives, strange things went on at Widow Hunt's little cottage.

To begin with, the house and fence, and all the outside, received a fresh coat of white paint, and green blinds covered the windows. Then the inside was painted, and papered with a cheerful paper; the old furniture was packed into the attic; a new carpet made its appearance on the floor; a pretty new stove occupied the place on the hearth; a snug bedstead, with softest of beds, ample pillows, and piles of blankets and comforters, took the place of the ricketty old frame; the softest and easiest of rocking-chairs stood in the corner; a pretty clock

ticked on the mantel; pots of blooming plants filled the south window; a pretty set of china displaced the former motley collection; a bureau to match the bedstead stood in one corner, its drawers filled with comforts for poverty and old age; the pantry was filled with bins of sugar and flour and potatoes and apples, boxes of tea and coffee; the shed was stuffed with split wood, enough to keep the stove going till summer; and, in fact, everything that Mrs. Barclay and Ned could think of was done to turn a dismal, dreary dwelling-place into a cheerful, well-provided home.

The day before Christmas, Mrs. Barclay sent over from her own kitchen new bread, pies, cake, a roast turkey, and jelly; and Ned added to the larder a dozen frozen chickens.

When it was too dark to see, Ned brought up the sleigh, and told Widow Hunt he would drive her home.

She was ready; and Mrs. Barclay put into her hand an envelope, saying:

"There are your wages; but mind, Mrs. Hunt, I do n't feel that anything I can do for you on earth can begin to pay you for what you have done for me."

Ned drove up to the gate. The blinds were tightly closed, and she saw nothing. Ned bade her good-night, saying:

"Mrs. Hunt, if I should give you half my fortune it would n't make me feel easy about the abominable joke I played on you last Christmas. If you see anything new in your house, remember I want to ease my mind of the memory of that."

"Oh, that's nothing," said the old woman, kindly; "it did cut for a minute, for I was dreary enough that night. But I know you young folks can't understand the loneliness of a dreary old age. God grant you never may! Good-night."

"Good-night!" Ned called out, as he drove off. "Wish you a merry Christmas!"

"Thank you," said the widow, as she turned the key in the lock.

A blaze of light met her astonished eyes. Mechanically she stepped in, and closed the door.

A pretty lamp stood on the table; a warm fire burned in the stove; the clock ticked on the mantel.

Slowly her wide-opened eyes turned from one new thing to another, trying to take it all in — trying to realize the magical change.

She gasped for breath. She loosened her hands, and sunk into the rocking-chair.

After a little — still speechless — she rose and looked about. She found the shed full of wood, the pantry of provisions; she saw the drawers full of comforts. She opened the envelope, and found it contained large pay for her long season of nursing, with a hearty wish for a happy Christmas.

She saw that she was rich and comfortable for the whole winter.

At last she sank into the chair again. And when Ned came, in the morning, to wish her a merry Christmas, there she sat still, a look of heavenly peace and joy on her face, and dead — quite dead.

Olive Thorne.

THE BARK "TRUE LOVE."

Christmas Eve, 1873.

[THE bark "True Love," from Greenland, laden with cryolite, arrived at Philadelphia the first of November, 1873. She was built in 1767, has been afloat one hundred and six years, and with "the old ship Zion," her timbers are all sound. Like an old-fashioned grandmother, the "True Love," as true love should, has outlived three generations.]

I.

With tack and turn in the idle air
What craft comes beating up the Bay,
Comes curts'ying up the Delaware?
Ahoy, Three-master! whence away?
Like millers' wings, her canvas gray
Is opened wide in ghastly palms
To feel for wind among the calms.

II.

Her sides are fashioned like the flower
That blossoms on the tulip-tree;
See in her teeth the trusty bower
Last planted in some nameless sea,
— Ah, Hope takes root where'er it be! —
Plucked up a thousand times with song,
Swung like a charm, and borne along!

III.

I hear the flap of the languid sail,
The drowsy creak of the swaying yard —
I see the bunting's lazy trail,
A figure mount the battered guard —
The breeze is purring like a pard.
"How are ye named, O gray and quaint?
From monarch dead, or faded saint?"

IV.

"Ahoy, ahoy, my gallant mate!"
Then bounded back a trumpet gust
Of salt-sea air articulate
In tones that grated rough with rust:
"From no dead king of saintly dust —
The bark TRUE LOVE from Labrador,
Where the sun is cold as the Kohinor!"

V.

Where stars show through like points of spears
 All clinging in the wounds of night,
 Impale a thousand frozen years
 And halt the ages dead and white —
 Where Arctic's ghostly anthracite,
 The icebergs crash in the steely breeze,
 Unmelted, alabaster seas!

VI.

"The bark TRUE LOVE left Cape Farewell
 With cryolite from Greenland's coast" —
 "What 's cryolite?" He strove to tell,
 But on she swept — the words were lost;
 The waves' white plumage glanced and tossed,
 So bore away this Arctic dove
 From Cape Farewell to "Brotherly Love."

VII.

Think of her sailing down the age
 Across the line, and sailing yet!
 The ink has faded from the page
 Whereon her score of captains set
 Two thousand names old salts forget —
 Not one of all who worked the ship
 Now lingers on a human lip.

VIII.

And here SHE is, her timbers sound,
 Stout-hearted oak, all through and through,
 As when the columns graced the ground
 Where acorns fell and giants grew!
 O boatswain shrill! pipe up the crew,
 And bid some breezy ballad blow
 They sang an hundred years ago!

IX.

Some Chevy Chase whose endless line
 Ran all along the slender tune,
 As runs the bright Madeira vine
 That riots in the month of June —
 Or love-lorn maidens and the moon,
 Or Spanish Main, or Blackbeard rhyme
 Of ocean's Paradise of crime.

X.

Aye, tumble up from the watch below,
 Ye square-built sea-dogs of the crew
 That sailed the TRUE LOVE long ago!
 In trowsers broad and jackets blue,
 Tarpaulin that a streamer flew,
 With waistband hitch, and backward scrape,
 And fore-lock touch, they round the Cape
 And take the Horn! Can spectres speak?
 They shift the cargo in the cheek!

XI.

The sailor's knot at the rugged throat
 Bare and brown as the signal gun,—
 The rolling gait they learned afloat,—
 Ah, old True Lovers every one!
 Good night! Turn in! The watch is done.
 Sleep till the sea its dead gives up,
 As bubbles rise in the beaded cup.

XII.

Think that you see the gallant craft,
 A bone in her teeth of white sea foam,
 Scurry before the rabble and raft
 Of tumbling billows' roll and comb,
 Showing her heels on the long stretch home!
 From Northern Crown to Southern Cross,
 From eider-duck to albatross!

XIII.

To some broad Bay of breathless glass
 Think that you see her sailing in—
 All things in pairs that thither pass,
 The clouds are twos—she and her twin!
 In such a place to sigh were sin;
 'T would mar the perfect marriage there,
 'Twixt this in sea and that in air.

XIV.

The days clasp hands across the nights—
 The Guinea gold of day that's done,
 Untarnished shares its mingled lights
 With silver pearl of day begun,
 And blends their colors into one!
 How *could* she sail from Paradise
 For Cape Farewell and Arctic ice?
 From Greenland to the Delaware
 God speed the TRUE LOVE everywhere!

XV.

Almost two thousand Christian years,
 And every year of all the host
 An older, grander craft appears
 And sails along the Planet's coast
 As silent as a passing ghost;
 Silent, except one Song they sing
 On board the flag-ship of the KING.

XVI.

Upon its bow there swings a star;
 Its sails are like some evening clouds,
 With here and there a silver spar;
 Its deck is thronged with angel crowds,
 Like threads of mist its filmy shrouds,
 Its masts are made of beams of moon,
 Its lettered flags of golden noon.
 STAR IN THE EAST! Behold the name
 Emblazoned on the streamer's flame.

XVII.

It plies the narrow Strait between
 Cape Christmas Eve and Paradise;
 Untravelled angels have been seen
 Across that Strait and in the skies
 By children with their naked eyes!
 It is their only yearly line
 Between the earthly and divine.

XVIII.

That Song of theirs will never wane,
 But flow like Life's eternal river:
 "GOOD WILL TO MEN," its sweet refrain,
 Is set to the key "Forever."
 Ah, narrow Strait two worlds to sever!
 The Port of Peace and Perfect Day
 Are just across the azure way;—
 Whoever strikes his earthly tent,
 We will not wonder that he went,
 We will not say that he has died,
 But only gone the other side.

B. J. F. Taylor

POKER-JIM.

TWO motherless girls, and only a brother a few years older left to protect them.

When the father died, the mother had turned the old homestead — for there *are* houses in San Francisco fifteen and twenty years old — into a source of revenue from which she provided for the children. The father had left nothing save debts — gambling debts — and the fraternity had not called on the widow to settle these. For her own existence she seemed to need nothing — absolutely nothing — but the caresses of her children, and the happiness and contentment mirrored in their eyes. When she died the girls were old enough, and competent, to look after the house, which the mother had made a pleasant home to many a "roomer" who had come a stranger to the city, had been badgered and harassed by flint-eyed, stony-hearted landladies, and had at last, by some good fortune, found his way into the precincts of the widow's cozy, quiet walls. The son had, through the influence of some of the roomers, obtained a position in a wholesale liquor establishment, where the salary was high, and — the temptation great.

That the two young girls should carry on the house just as their dying mother had left it to them, was something no one in San Francisco would think of commenting upon. And as the proverbial chivalry of the Californian would prompt him to suffer inconvenience and loss rather than to deprive women in any way thrown on his care of his protection, they missed only their mother's love and presence in the home, which remained home to them still. After a while the painful truth dawned on them that the brother was being weaned away from it. His evenings were now but seldom spent with them in the little sitting-room whose

ivy-mantled bay-window looked out on the garden, where the flower-beds had moved closer up to the house as the lots became more valuable, and the orchard had been cut down to a few trees on the grass-plot.

At first the excuse was, that customers from the country, buying heavily of the firm, had a right to expect attentions not strictly of a business nature from him, its chief representative. Then his absence from home grew more protracted, and often midnight tolled from St. Mary's before his unsteady feet mounted the door-steps. One night, a lady, attracted to the balcony by an unusually brilliant moon, when she awoke from her midnight slumbers, wonderingly saw a carriage drive up to the house where the two sisters lay in peaceful sleep. She was too far off to see whether there was a number on the carriage, or what the number was. Neither could she distinguish the face of the driver, nor that of the gentleman who assisted another, whom she rightly judged to be Edward Ashburne, from the carriage into the house. That the face of the one who supported, or rather carried, young Edward, was deadly white, framed in by a heavy black beard, was all she could tell. "Poor girls!" she soliloquized; "better that the boy was dead than turn drunkard, and gamble, like his father."

The carriage drove off rapidly after the gentleman — who, as she thought, had helped Ned to the door and rang the bell — had reëntered it; and carriage, driver, and ghostly-faced gentleman could never be found or heard of afterward.

What the neighbor-lady heard still farther that same night was, first, the furious barking, then the doleful howling of the young Newfoundland dog, which the Misses Ashburne had recently

"adopted," and, soon after, a wild, heart-rending cry.

"The horrid boy!" she continued, full of sympathy; "is he so beastly drunk? Could he have struck one of his sisters?"

Aye, good woman: struck them both a terrible blow, but not with his hand, for that lay powerless by his side. And the eyes were sightless that stared vacantly into their own, as they bent over him where he lay stretched out on the hall floor—his coat folded under his head, his latch-key close at hand. Only a painful gasp answered their pitiful entreaties to "speak once more;" and before the sympathizing inmates of the stricken house could remove him to his bed, he had breathed his last.

"Beaten to a jelly," sentimentously remarked one of the men under his breath, to another, as they left the chamber to the sisters and the more intimate friends of the family.

"Some woman-scape—you can bet on that," was the response. And they joined the others in their efforts to discover the perpetrators of the dastard deed.

But no clue was found, and after a while San Francisco forgot the sisters and their sorrow; and one day when the neighbor-lady told her ever-fresh story to a new-made acquaintance, she added: "And now they have gone, the poor girls, and nobody knows where."

From the balcony of the two-story frame hotel-building a young girl was watching the sunlight sinking behind the dimly-outlined range of the Coast Mountains. Perhaps her eyes roved so far away because the immediate surrounding of the hotel was not attractive; though the streets devoted to private residences of this little city—to which the railroad was fast making its way—were pleasing to the eye, and rather Southern in their features. The orange, ripening in one cluster with the fragrant blossom, as well as the tall-growing oleander, embowering cottage alike with mansion, spoke of oppres-

sive weather in the summer, and promised glorious, balmy days during the short California winter.

Had the girl, at whose feet a large Newfoundland dog lay sleeping, stepped to the end of the balcony which ran along the whole length of the house, she could have followed the course of the Feather River, which but a short distance away mingled its clear waters with the muddy waves of the Yuba. But she was evidently not engaged in a study of the "lay of the land," though her eyes seemed to follow with some interest the direction of a particular road leading to the hotel. Directly she spoke to the dog, touching him lightly with her toe: "Cruiser, old dog, come, wake up, they are coming."

From out of the cloud of dust rolling up to the hotel emerged hacks and stages well filled with passengers, whom the railroad had brought from San Francisco to Yuba City, and who thus continued to this place and onward. Partly sheltered from sight by the boughs of a tree shading the balcony, the young girl leaned forward to scan the faces of the people who left hacks and coaches and hastened into the house to brush and wash off a little of the biting, yellowish dust clinging to them. It seemed to be a sort of pastime with the girl and her four-footed companion, this "seeing the people get in;" for she made remarks and observations on the looks and manners of people which the dog seemed fully to understand, for he would reply, sometimes with a wag of his bushy tail, sometimes with a short, sharp bark, and then again with a long yawn of *ammi*. Almost the last passenger who alighted was a gentleman whose large black eyes and raven hair would have thrilled the bosom of any miss of sixteen—as, indeed, they startled our young friend, although she might have been two or three years above and beyond that interesting age. The bough that she had drawn down to screen herself behind, sprang up with a sudden snap, which caused the upturning of a pale

and rather severe face, from which looked those black eyes, with a grave, rather than sad, expression. A sudden thought, or memory—she did not know which—shot through her brain as her eyes looked down into his; it was only a flash, but it made her think of her childhood, of her mother—she hardly knew of what.

"Cruiser, old dog," she said; but the dog had squeezed his head under the railing as far as he could get it, as if making a desperate attempt to get a nearer look at the stranger. When he drew his head back he raised himself, laid his fore-paws on the railing, and looked hard into the girl's face, with a low, questioning whine. "It's nothing, old boy; you do n't know him. Come, now, we'll see if we can help Julia about the house."

Down at the bar, mine host of the "Eagle Exchange" was welcoming his guests, nerving himself to this task with frequent libations, offered by the fancy bar-tender, and paid for by such of his guests as had made the Exchange their stopping-place before, and knew of the landlord's weakness. Stepping from the bar-room into the reading-room, to look for any stray guest who might have failed to offer at the shrine, he met the dark-eyed stranger face to face, and recoiled, either from some sudden surprise or the effects of deep potations, steadying himself against the door-frame as he reeled. The stranger, continuing on his way to the staircase, seemed hardly to notice him, involuntarily turning his head away as if unwilling to view so fair-looking a specimen of humanity degrading himself to the level of the brute.

Later at night we find our young friend, together with her older sister, in the family sitting-room of the hotel. Annie, the younger, is softly stroking the sister's hair as though *she* were the elder, endeavoring to comfort a fretting, troubled child. No word was spoken until the husband-landlord entered the room. Julia gave a nerv-

ous start, while Annie touched her gently and soothingly on the shoulder. Mr. Davison was a great deal soberer than could be expected; and his wife gave a sigh of relief when she found that he was only maudlin drunk.

"Ah, there you are, both together again—as affectionate a pair of sisters as ever I see. Well, well, Julia, girl, may be I ain't made you as good a husband as you deserve to have, but I'll see that our little sister there is well provided for. By the by, Annie, when Tom Montrie comes down from the mountains he'll find good sport: one of the nicest fellows you ever saw has come down from San Francisco, and I'll try to get him to spend at least part of the winter with us. O, he's on the sport," in answer to an anxious look from Julia, "but he's a mighty clever fellow—genteel, and all that sort of thing. Tom's made a pretty good stake again this summer, I know; and it'll be a good plan to keep him well entertained while Annie is away teaching the ragged young ones—for I suppose she'll insist on keeping on in that stupid school, when she might just as well marry Tom at once and set herself and her poor relations up in the world."

The girl had listened in silence to this long tirade, a burning spot on each cheek alone showing that she heard at all what was said. It was Julia's turn to be elder sister now.

"Annie," she said, "I forgot to tell Peter that he had better use more yeast for the muffins he sets to-night; will you please to tell him so as you go upstairs?" Drawing her fingers through Annie's curly brown hair, and looking affectionately into her deep hazel eyes, she kissed her good-night; and the sister silently departed, followed upstairs by Cruiser, who kept watch through the night on his rug outside her door.

To discover the cause of Mr. Davison's unusual sobriety we must go back for an hour or two. When night had set in, the stranger from San Francisco,

who had registered his name as J. B. Peyton, was promenading on the porch in front of the hotel, quietly smoking his Havana and thoughtfully regarding the stars. Presently the host opened the door of the reading-room, stepped out on the porch, and closed it behind him again, as though to keep the chilly autumn air from striking the inmates of the room. Approaching the stranger, he eyed him as keenly as his somewhat-dimmed vision, aided by the sickly light of a pale young moon would permit, and then exclaimed, in a tone intended to be cordial:

"It's you, by —, it is! Give us your hand, and tell us how you are, and how the rest of them have fared."

The stranger, in a voice which, like his eyes, was grave rather than sad, replied, somewhat stiffly:

"I am quite well, as you see; whom else you are inquiring for, I do n't know." Then, warming up suddenly, he went on, in a tone of bitter reproach: "And you have married one of these poor girls? You should not have done it had I known of it, depend on it."

"Well—well, was n't that the best I could do for them?" In his tone bravado and reason were struggling for the mastery. "To be sure," he continued, quailing before the flashing eye of his companion, "I have not had much luck of late; everything seems going against me—I am almost ruined."

"You have ruined yourself. Why should *you* have luck?" He was silent a moment, busying himself with his cigar; then he continued: "Where is Celeste? What became of her?"

"Curse the ungrateful, perjured wretch!" answered the other, grinding his teeth with sudden rage; "when my luck first turned, she went off, mind you, with a ship-captain, to China. She knew she could never live where I was. I'd —"

"Do with her as you did with —"

"Hush!" whispered the shivering host; "do n't speak so loud! Was n't

there something stirring in the tree there?" And, like Macbeth seeing Banquo's ghost, he started backward to the well-lit room.

It is generally accepted that life in California, particularly in earlier days, was full of excitement and change, every day bringing with it some horrible occurrence or startling event. Perhaps, at the date of my story—about 1860—this excitement had somewhat cooled down; or perhaps it was the life of our young friend only that had flowed along so evenly while at this place. The "horrible occurrence" of her day was the ever-recurring period of her brother-in-law's intoxication, sometimes maudlin, sometimes violent, but always fraught with bitterness and sorrow to her on account of her gentle, long-suffering sister. The "startling event" was the coming in of the hacks and coaches from the railroad terminus, which she watched, half-hidden by the tree, and together with her almost inseparable companion, Cruiser, just as she had done that day when Mr. Peyton made his first appearance at this place. Perhaps her interest in the arrivals was even greater now than it had been before. Often, when about to turn from her post of observation, a pair of grave black eyes, upturned from the porch below, seemed asking a question of her that she vainly puzzled her brain to understand. Once or twice she had started to go to her sister's room at such times, trying to frame the question she seemed to read in the stranger's eye. But the question remained unframed and unanswered; and day after day Annie taught her little pupils at school, came home and helped Julia about the house, and in the evening encountered the sphinx that baffled all her dreamy speculations.

It had been a matter of displeasure to her brother-in-law for some time that the arrival of the stage from Laporte was not noticed by Annie with the same degree of interest as the coming-in of the passengers from the opposite direction.

"Tom 'll be coming some day," he said grumblingly to his wife, "and that fine sister of yours will take no more notice of his arrival than if a Chinaman had come!"

And so it proved. One morning as Annie, followed by Cruiser with the lunch-basket, was descending the front steps of the hotel porch, Mr. Davison hastened to block up her road with his portly figure.

"Annie," he spoke majestically, "how often must I tell you that I cannot allow my sister-in-law to plod over to that school-house and bother with those dirty urchins any more? Let them find some one else, for you will not teach there much longer. Come, Cruiser, give us the basket! Annie 'll stay at home to-day, at least."

"Do n't trouble Cruiser unnecessarily," replied Annie, laughing pleasantly; "I have n't fallen heir to any fortune of late, that I am aware of, and until I do, I'm afraid that both I and Cruiser will have to follow our old vocation."

"You know that a fortune awaits you, Annie," was the persuasive response, "if you would only stretch out your hand for it. How will Tom receive the information, when he gets up this morning, that you have not paid him the attention to remain home for one day, at least?"

"I hope you will not conceal from Mr. Montrie that it is a matter of the utmost indifference to me how he receives the information."

"Your sister will talk to you about this matter," blustered the man. "A girl like you to throw away her chances!"

"I will listen patiently to anything my sister may have to say to me." And Annie, turning, was almost confronted by Mr. Peyton, coming in from an early walk. He lifted his hat with something like reverence, and drew aside to let the girl and her four-footed companion pass.

She did listen patiently to what her sister said to her that evening in the little family sitting-room just back of the

ladies'-parlor, on the ground floor. One door of this room opened out on a porch, on the other side of which rose the blank wall of another apartment, built of frame, with only one window looking out toward the street and the door opposite this window. Between this and the bar-room lay dining-room, pantry, and kitchen; so that no one from the bar-room—which lay back of the reading-room, on the other side of the entrance-hall—could see this room with the single door and window.

In California parlance, "the tiger" was kept in this room. If we could have looked into this gaily-furnished apartment about the time Annie was on her way to her room, having left her sister's presence with tear-stained eyes, we should have beheld Mr. Peyton's pale, clear-cut face bending over a table, around which a number of men were seated. The various accoutrements of the game spread out before him, denoted that this man with the well-modulated musical voice, with the soft, grave expression of countenance, with the quiet, gentlemanly bearing, was "the owner of the tiger."

The individual occupying the seat just across from Mr. Peyton was his opposite in every respect. A tall, broad-shouldered mountain-man, whose rusty beard and careless dress showed that, while "making his stake" in the mountains, he had bestowed but little attention on his personal appearance. No one could have disputed his claims to good looks; though his glittering eyes seemed small, and were certainly too deep-set; and, when he laughed, the long white teeth gave a kind of hyena-look to the whole face. Large hands, always twitching, and clumsy feet, forever shuffling, gave him the appearance of a bear, restlessly walking the length of his chain. Altogether, in looks and bearing, he contrasted unfavorably with Mr. Peyton: the one, smooth and polished as ivory; the other, rough and uncouth as the grizzly of his mountain-home.

But Mr. Davison, who had softly opened the door, and stood silently regarding him a moment, seemed fairly in love with Mr. Montrie's broad shoulders and matted hair — so gently did he touch the one and stroke the other as he whispered into the ample ear something which caused the small eyes to flicker with satisfaction and delight. Then, moving around the table to where Mr. Peyton sat, he laid his hand on this gentleman's shoulder, but much more timidly, though the far-dealer looked delicate, almost effeminate, compared to the huge proportions of the man from the mountains.

"Jim —" he said, but corrected himself — "Mr. Peyton!" in an audible whisper, "I do n't want you to be hard on that man yonder; he'll soon be one of the family, you know."

The information was given with many winks and nods and leers, such as men in the first stages of intoxication are generally prolific of.

A single keen glance from the eagle-eyes of the gambler was sent across to where the man from the mountains sat; but it sank to the depths of the man's heart, and went searching through every corner. The next moment Mr. Peyton was deeply engrossed in the "lay-out" before him.

It was long after midnight before "the tiger" was left to darkness and solitude in the little room at the rear of the "Eagle Exchange." In the course of the following morning, when Mr. Davison's brain was pretty well cleared of the fumes of last night's potations, and before the early-morning drams had yet materially affected it, he was made uneasy by the approach of Mr. Peyton, of whom he stood in unaccountable dread.

"Have a cigar, Henry?" Mr. Peyton extended one of the choice kind he always smoked himself; and then, by a motion of the hand, commanded the now thoroughly sobered man into a chair beside his own. The reading-room was deserted, and the paper Mr. Peyton had picked up was carelessly

held so that the fancy bar-keeper, who was twirling his elegant black mustache, could not see his lips move.

"Henry," Mr. Peyton began, without farther preliminaries, "if you allow that man from the mountains to press his attentions on your sister-in-law against her wishes, I'll break every bone in your body."

The threat seemed almost ridiculous from the delicate, white-fingered stranger to this burly, overgrown piece of humanity; yet Mr. Davison did not consider it so, for he answered, with pleading voice and cringing manner:

"But if he is to marry her —"

"Marry her!" repeated the gambler, while a flash, such as the gate of hell might emit were it opened for a moment, shot from his eyes: "I would kill him first; yes, and tell the girl who it was that —"

"And send them both out on the world again, to work hard for their bread, as I found them?"

"Better that a thousand times than that Annie should be made miserable, like her sister, by being tied to a worthless sot or a heartless desperado."

"You're hard on me, Jim," whined the other. "If the girl marries this man, a part of his money will go towards paying off my debts and setting me straight again in this house. He'll be good to her; and what's the harm to anybody? You do n't want the girl — I know your queer notions of honor."

"Hush!" He sprang to his feet, and for the first time his voice thrilled, and a quick flush darkened his brow. "Not another word; but so sure as you drive the girl to this step, so sure will I tell her sister who you are." His figure appeared tall as he moved away, and his shoulders looked broad and strong as those of the man whom he left cowering in his chair behind him.

This interview over, Mr. Peyton seemed utterly oblivious of the existence of the family at the "Eagle Exchange." Mr. Davison said to himself, with an inward chuckle, that he

had "gotten round Jim before, in spite of his keen eyes, and was likely to do so again;" while Annie, still and white, looked like a bird wearied out with being chased, and ready to fall into the snarer's net. Once or twice, in meeting Mr. Peyton, it seemed to him that her hazel eyes were raised to his, with a mute appeal in them; and at such times he lifted his hand hastily to his forehead—where a heavy strand of the raven hair fell rather low into it, near the right temple—as if to assure himself of the perfect arrangement of his hair.

But in spite of all of Mr. Davison's cunning and contriving, Mr. Montrie evidently made slow progress in his suit; for his visits to "the tiger" grew longer and more frequent; and soon it came to be the order of the day that the afternoons, as well as the nights, were spent in the little room across the porch. A number of new arrivals from the various mining-camps in the mountains lent additional interest to the games; and bets were higher, and sittings longer, day after day. It was impossible to tell from Mr. Peyton's unchanging face whether luck had been with him or against him; but Mr. Montrie seemed all of a sudden elated, either with the winnings he had made off "the tiger," or the success he had met with in another quarter. Whichever it might be, Mr. Peyton, coming unexpectedly upon him, as he sat in close consultation with Mr. Davison one morning, could not have heard the mountain-man's invitation to drink to his luck, for he passed straight on without heeding the invitation. Mr. Davison quaked a little before the sharp glance thrown over to him; "but then," he consoled himself, "d— it, Jim is such a curious mortal, and, like as not, he's forgotten all about it; he do n't care for the girl, nohow."

The afternoon saw them again gathered around "the tiger," the man from the mountains betting with a kind of savage recklessness that boded no good to those who knew him well. He had

not forgotten the slight Mr. Peyton had put on him in the morning, according to his code of honor, but was casting about in his mind for some manner in which to express his indignation.

"What do you want to be quarrelling to-day for, Tom?" asked a lately-arrived mountain-friend of him. "I see that gal of yours this morning; took a good look at her when she went to school; and bless my stars, if you do n't know better than to grumble all the while on the very day when——"

"Your interest in the game seems to be flagging, gentlemen," came Mr. Peyton's voice across the table, with a somewhat hasty utterance; "shall we close?"

An energetic negative from the rest of the company decided the question; but Mr. Montrie, determined to play marplot, said:

"For my part, I'm tired buckin' agin 'the tiger.' 'Pears to me a game of poker might be healthy for a change."

Without losing a word, Mr. Peyton gathered up the faro-kit before him, and laid cards on the table. Mr. Montrie's friend, a slow-spoken, easy-going man, called Nimble Bill, was seated at the right of this gentleman, across from Mr. Peyton's accustomed seat at the table; while beside Mr. Peyton sat two or three others, who had "come down in the same batch" with Mr. Montrie's friend.

The game progressed quietly for some time, Mr. Montrie alone manifesting uneasiness by frequently consulting his watch and casting longing glances through the window.

"Tom, old fellow, I believe you're regularly 'struck' at last," laughed his friend. "It's mighty nigh time for that school to let out, I know; so we'll let you off easy, and say no more about it; ha, ha, ha!" and he turned for approval to the snickering men at the table.

Just then Mr. Peyton raised his hand quickly to his head, and the light from the diamond on his finger flashed directly into the man's eyes.

"By-the-by, that's a mighty fine diamond you've got; I should n't mind getting one to present to Tom's wife when he gets married. Now, what mought be about the price of one like that, Mr.—what did you say the gentleman's name was?" and he turned to his friend's working face.

"'Poker-Jim,' I should say," shouted the angered man, "from the way he's been handling them cards this afternoon."

There was a hasty movement among those present; the motion of Mr. Peyton's hand, as he threw it quickly behind him, was but too well understood by all, and hurried steps rushed toward the door. When the smoke had almost cleared away he was almost alone with his victim; only the friend, against whom the dying man had fallen, was in the room beside him. But from the outside approached heavy steps, while a shrill female voice sent shriek after shriek through the house. Mr. Davison's ashy face appeared at the door:

"Oh, Jim, what have you done? Let's lay him down here easy, Bill; and now run for the doctor, quick; and tell the other fellows to keep still, if they can."

"Go to your wife, Henry," ordered Mr. Peyton, with extended hand; "the poor thing is in hysterics."

A look into the gambler's face told the man he must obey; but in his perturbation, he did not see the white figure that glided by him into the room.

"Why did you do it?" asked the girl, wringing her hands, but looking into his eyes, without a glance at the prostrate body.

"I had to kill the brute to keep him from marrying you, Annie. How could I let you fall into his hands—you, the daughter of the woman who sheltered me and gave me a home, when, a poor deserted boy, I lay bleeding from a brutal blow on the street.

Annie, do you not know me?" He raised the strand of hair that always lay low on his forehead, and a deep scar appeared under it.

"Jimmy!" she cried, between surprise and joy. "But, oh!" she continued, sadly, "I have found you but to lose you again. You must go, quick, before they can send the sheriff or the doctor."

"We must part; yes, and perhaps never meet again on earth. But, ere we part, I must give your heart another wound. Your brother—it was I who—"

"Murdered him!" shrieked the girl. "Cruiser!" she called wildly; and the faithful animal, as if knowing the import of the conversation in the room, threw himself with a fierce, yelping bark against the door.

"Hold!" and he caught the girl as she sprang to open it. "Hear me out, while I have yet time to speak. It was I who brought him home, so that he might sleep quietly in the churchyard, instead of finding a grave at the bottom of the Bay. Ask Henry who killed him; ask him whether 'Celeste' was worth the blood of the poor boy, and he will not refuse to tell the truth."

At the door Cruiser was scratching and whining, accompanying the man's hurried words with a weird, uncanny music; and now he howled again as he had howled on the night of poor Ned's death.

"Farewell, Annie; your sister and that dog will soon be the only friends you have. I can neither claim you, nor protect you. Farewell; be happy, if you can, and—forget me."

"Never! never!" sobbed the girl.

A hand, softer even than her own, was passed tenderly through her hair and over her brow; a single kiss was breathed on her lips, and the next moment she was alone, the dog, her sole friend, crouching, with every demonstration of devotion and affection, at her feet.

Josephine Clifford.

A REVOLUTIONIST.

A STORY OF PARIS IN THE DAYS OF THE FIRST NAPOLEON.

[Translated from the German of Julius Gronow.]

CHAPTER I.

THE CONSPIRATORS.

IT was night. A wild January storm had raged for days; a dense, biting fog now enveloped the slumbering capital of France, which at that time—the year 1804—was lighted by oil-lamps. But these lamps only glimmered now like faint red dots through the pale, waving mass of mist which transformed everything to a death-like waste. All was silent in the streets; only at times the measured tread of the patrols sounded from afar through the impenetrable veil of night; and in the rooms of the Police Prefecture alone was there a stir of dreary life. Murder seemed to hover in the air, like a monstrous crime which day feared to disclose.

At this time two men met in the vicinity of the Rue du Rocher, one of whom was softly whistling the air of the "Marseillaise." Thereupon, the other answered—strangely enough—with a passage from Gretry's "Lion-heart:" "O Richard, O my King!" Both then extended a hand.

"How are matters going, Casca? Nothing new?"

"The spies are fairly ensnared. Two new denunciations to-day. It is getting to be comical, Cimper!"

"Denunciations? I do not understand."

"Yesterday, six persons, with heavy beards, were conspicuously stationed in a garden—innocent workmen; they were immediately arrested. To-day, in the Café Chartres, a company of lawyers are pointed out—all are seized. To-morrow, in *l'île d'amour*, a pre-

tended powder-cask will be discovered—they will be astonished when they find spoiled salt; instead of daggers, English needles; instead of hand-grenades, Shrove-Tuesday fritters; instead of pistols, toys from Nuremburg. Ha, ha, ha! Let them go on arresting, searching, spying, until the hoax is complete. A glorious chase!"

"But why this comedy, Casca? There is no joking with Regnier and his bloodhounds!"

"Why? To weary him and protect ourselves from treachery."

"From treachery? More inexplicable still. Tell the plain truth, Casca."

"Listen, then—step aside a little, until the patrol goes by. This fog is a grand ally; if it would only last two days, all would be over—but now hear: It is possible that our company is not entirely loyal. There are too many strange elements: Royalists and Jacobins mingled—a singular fusion—and one cannot tell who may be the dupe of the others. But our means are approved. Every day we denounce new conspiracies, new infernal machines, new stores of arms; send the police from one corner to another, and, naturally, everywhere they find false alarms!"

"Ah, I understand—until Regnier perceives that he has been fooled."

"Right! Until his bloodhounds have made themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the whole world; until they believe no information—not even the genuine denunciations."

"Really, an ingenious idea!"

"It originates with 'Him;' respect it! Then we shall at last make known the whole conspiracy, in truth. Not a

finger will be lifted; and then, my friend, then the lightning will strike! Give orders accordingly; a new meeting to-morrow, in *l'île d'amour!*"

At this moment the two men were approached by a third, who was whistling the same passage of the Marseillaise; they answered, as before, with *Gretry*, and he immediately joined them.

"Great news, gentlemen! Two ships from England! Thirty men have arrived! He himself is in Paris!"

"Who? our chief, Catiline?"

"No other. They have come to an understanding with *Pichegru*. Meeting at the house of *Garnerin*, *Jardin des Princes*, last pavillion. *Au revoir!*" And again the fog swallowed up the mysterious messenger.

The other two immediately separated, in order, by different paths, to seek the place appointed for a meeting.

At this very time, several men were assembled in the woods in the vicinity of *Grosbois*, near *Paris*, most of them wrapped in mantles, and their faces shaded by broad three-cornered hats. They seemed to be waiting for some one, and the solitude of the retired spot allowed unrestrained conversation.

"My curiosity is unbounded," said one, "to know what the General is doing. I rely upon no one but *Moreau*. Nothing without *Brutus!*"

"Bah! a singular man, who is pleased to play an original character. Be not too hopeful, *Marquis*. Hitherto he has turned a deaf ear to us, and has met all offers with a shrug of the shoulders, or some general remarks. I insist upon it, the General ought to have taken us all with him. Five voices are more convincing than one."

"What do you think, *Viscount*? *Grosbois* was formerly our meeting-place; but you know the Consul has surrounded his old friend with spies, and is watching for the moment when he will be ripe for arrest. One can hardly go near him without danger."

"Bah! what lynx-eye could discover us in this precious fog? My only hope is in his wife — a genuine *Portia*."

"You are right; an ambitious woman. We must make promises to her; a ducal crown, at the least."

"Bah! *Marquis*, you rate the lady too low. Never shall I forget the day when news came of the victory of *Marengo*. The proud *Portia's* anger brought on a bilious fever from which she has not yet recovered. But so much the better for us. A ducal crown you purpose to bestow. I tell you, she dreams day and night that her victor at *Hohenlinden*, her hero of *Luneville*, shall be the first man in the State: *Aut Cæsar aut nihil!* The Consul knows this right well. Remember in what a flattering manner he received the great *Brutus*; how he sought to tame, to surprise, to attract him. Oh, he has great knowledge of human nature, and treats every one in his peculiar manner. I almost fear we have lost *Moreau*."

"No, thrice no, I tell you, *Viscount*! You forget that he has decidedly espoused the opposition, and decidedly censured *Bonaparte's* measures. Yes, you know as well as I, that he has flung the cross of the Legion of Honor at his feet! Ah, there comes some one in the mist. It is he — our *Cassius* — *Pichegru*! Now we shall receive light."

In truth, a broad-shouldered form drew near, looking carefully on all sides, his hand resting on a sabre. It was *Pichegru*, who was immediately surrounded by the others.

"Well, General, how have you sped?"

"I fear, gentlemen, he will leave us in the lurch," said *Pichegru* after a while. "My dealings have been almost entirely with his wife. Like an ancient Roman matron, she would manage the matter alone, if she could. But of what use are women to us?"

"And what did *Moreau* say?"

"Oh, he walked up and down the room, and let me talk. He hates the Consul as the murderer of freedom —

the enemy of the Republic; but every word expressed admiration as much as hatred. A curious man, or a dangerous one! I could not quite convince him that our alliance is the only means of deliverance. His highest dreams are of a triumvirate — Caesar, Pompey, Lepidus! Bah! Comedies without end—as if we were to copy Roman history, leaf by leaf! And what was the result at that time? One destroyed another, until Caesar alone was left. Even such is our position to-day; but these stupid idolaters think not of that. Gentlemen, one choice alone remains to us: either to delay the act, or to place Moreau himself upon the proscription list!"

General opposition to this proposal now arose. Everything could be done with Moreau — nothing without him! He alone possessed the hearts of the people; he only was Napoleon's ablest general; he alone was, or was supposed to be, an upright Republican — the last defender of the dying freedom in France — in every respect a Marcus Brutus, at once a nobleman and a man of honor. Perhaps they might succeed in hurrying the Consul into an imprudent arrest of his old friend, in order to raise an insurrection in Paris, and make the cause of a faction the affair of the nation.

Discussing these and other considerations, the conspirators returned to the vicinity of Paris without coming to any settled resolution.

At the extreme edge of the woods Pichegru paused, and stepped to a hollow tree which stood a little aside from the path.

"I must see," said he, "whether our correspondent has anything to announce to us."

He drew a letter from the tree. The Marquis produced a dark-lantern from under his mantle, while Pichegru unfolded and read the letter. His countenance brightened, his eyes flashed.

"Victory, gentlemen, victory! Here are a couple of lines from Cadoudal

himself. The arrival of the master is at hand — we need Moreau no longer! *Vive le roi!*"

Silently all present lifted their hats. The conversation was now carried on in whispers.

"Still more, gentlemen! The last expedition from Berille has landed successfully. All have arrived in Paris — over thirty new heroes!"

"The names! the names!" urged the Viscount; and Pichegru read them, while the others made comments upon each one.

"*La Rivière!*"—"A gentleman of an old family!"

"*Lajolais! Lozier!*"—"Resolute men!"

"*The Polignac brothers!*"—"Sworn enemies of the Consul!"

"*Boussilon! Gaillard!*"—"Know Paris and the Parisians!"

"*Armand!*"—"An intriguer, but useful!"

"*La Rochelle!*"—"Numerous connections at court!"

"*Victor Deville!*"—"A devil of a fellow, capable of anything!" cried one.

"Yet I should advise you to watch him," said the Viscount; "his is an ardent nature, and he falls easily into the hands of women!"

"Ah, you forget," said the Marquis, "that he is my friend, and that I will answer for him in every respect. Victor Deville is rich, independent, and, at the right moment, displays the ferocity of a demon!"

"Now, gentlemen," concluded Pichegru, "noblemen and soldiers of the old stamp greet us in large numbers. The seed seems to ripen, and the Duke will rejoice to bid them welcome. Beware now, Caesar—beware! *Au revoir*, gentlemen! Meet at the house of Garnerin, Jardin des Princes, last pavillion. There will we consider the next step. Now, or never! *Au revoir!*"

Saluting them thus, he extinguished the dark-lantern, and concealed Cadoudal's letter in his breast-pocket. The others likewise separated, with a

military salute, and were lost in the dense fog, one here, another there.

They were soon in Paris. All was silent in the streets; only at times the measured step of the patrols sounded from afar through the impenetrable veil of night; and in the rooms of the Police Prefecture alone was there a stir of dreary life.

In order to explain the mystery of this nocturnal scene, and avoid all misunderstanding, let us here insert a few historical facts, before becoming more fully acquainted with the principal actors in our story.

In the year 1803, Napoleon had declared war anew against England, and the bold Pitt, who had tried to form one coalition after another against Bonaparte's aspiring empire, improved this opportunity to seize again the reins of state which he had been obliged to resign to Addington two years before, in order to conclude the peace of Amiens. England now proceeded with the greatest want of circumspection. Pitt tried in every way to excite the warlike zeal of the nation, and drilled in person a small company of volunteers. French ships, ignorant as yet of the disturbances which had broken out, were brought in as prizes, and laid under embargo. In consequence of this, Napoleon availed himself of reprisals, and in such an irritating manner, that one of those conspiracies was again organized against him in London, which, like the infernal machine of 1800, and later well-known unsuccessful attempts upon his life, sought in a criminal manner to revise the history of France.

Hitherto, all purely Royalist plots had been frustrated; therefore, a blending of the old Republicans and the old Royalists was devised. To insure the greatest chance of success to this undertaking, they tried to gain the most distinguished names among Bonaparte's opponents. A number of old officers and noblemen—at their head Pichegru and Georges Cadoudal—resolved

to bring the Consul, dead or alive, into their power; or, as was the design of the latter, to murder him in the midst of his guards, in the clear light of day. Several expeditions had already landed on the coast of France, and the last was now reported to be on French soil, on the coast of Normandy, whence the conspirators betook themselves by various routes to Paris.

All the confederates were now assembled in Paris; and even the person of a Pretender was not wanting. Since there was a prospect of drawing the "Duke" himself into the conspiracy, they departed from their original choice of Moreau, all the more readily because of his indecision.

A decisive blow seemed imminent. But our story, instead of reproducing the acts of this well-known conspiracy, shall follow the fate of one individual who has not been mentioned in history.

For this purpose, we turn again to that misty, stormy January night, and watch a scene in one of the ancient houses on University street.

CHAPTER II.

LEONIE NAUZELET.

The scene took place in that corner house, fortress-like and gray with age, which was built before the time of Francis I., and had remained unchanged since the day of the "great king." Heavy marble mantels, richly carved ceilings, deep window recesses, and a wainscotted floor, characterized the comfortable, spacious saloon, which was adorned with heavy tapestry of the same dark velvet as the *portières*. Old, gorgeous pieces of furniture, with spreading feet and gilded claws, completed the appearance of antiquity. A few Chinese pagodas on the mantel, a few silhouettes on the wall, and over a veiled portrait a singular trophy of weapons, consisting of Persian sabres, oriental guns, shields, lances, battle-axes and costly swords, together with the turban and crescent—these were the only modern adornments;

and had not a cross of the Legion of Honor betrayed the new century, one might have thought himself in the time of Richelieu, as if France had not fallen and risen again since his day.

In the deep obscurity of the room, which was lighted only by an antique lamp, sat a beautiful young woman, dressed in deep mourning. Her pale, lily-like features wore an expression of classic repose and religious resignation. Judging by the diamond cross on her neck, and the veil which was wound lightly around her fair head, one might have taken her for an abbess. Her delicate hand carelessly played with a pen, while her large lovely eyes followed the movements of the old powdered servant, who was busied in serving supper for his mistress.

At length his labors were ended, and the old man was about to withdraw; but at the door he paused, and turned to the lady.

"One thing more, Madame: I have hesitated about sending this letter to the post," said he, drawing a crumpled letter from his pocket, and turning it over confusedly in his trembling hands.

"Jean Baptiste, you carry your despotism too far. I am forced to submit to many things from you; but there is a bound to my patience."

"Hear me, Madame, and you will consider me justified when you learn my reasons. I am an old man, and have served the family nearly thirty years. Therefore, I may be permitted to speak a few words, which you, as the young widow of my blessed master, will pardon."

The young widow bowed her head. "Jean Baptiste, I listen very willingly to your reminiscences; but what have they to do with my letter?"

"You will understand at once, Madame, when I tell you that there are threatening rumors in the city of a new and immense conspiracy!"

"Once more, what has that to do with my letter?"

"Will Madame consider the circumstance that, in consequence of these rumors, many letters are opened—especially those addressed to London? O! my dear Madame, how can an old servant care for what you write to London—perfectly harmless, perfectly loyal things, no doubt; but I thought the discretion and honor of the house of Nauzelet would not suffer even the private affairs of Madame to be known at the post. This was my simple consideration."

Old Jean Baptiste evidently intended to express something more by these words, for the name of the one addressed, "Herr Victor Deville, London," was by no means unknown to him.

In spite of her great excitement, the beautiful widow's eyes fell. "Jean Baptiste, I understand your delicacy; I thank you. You are a man of honor; but, nevertheless, I do not concede to you the right of meddling with my affairs. How did you know that life and death, happiness and unhappiness, might not hang on these lines? Could you not find a traveller to whom you might entrust the letter? O! why do I trust my fate to strangers? Jean Baptiste, you are answerable to me if any misfortune should happen which this letter might have prevented."

"Compose yourself, Madame; this misfortune will not happen."

"Whence this confidence? Give me the letter."

Jean Baptiste seemed unable to overcome a certain embarrassment.

"Moreover, Madame," said he, "the letter could not have gone at any rate, for it was not carefully sealed." He therewith presented the letter, which was broken open.

"Jean Baptiste!" The beautiful widow started up, and cast a penetrating glance upon the old servant, who stood humbly before her. "If I should ever have the slightest suspicion that you could—but no, it is not possible—it ought not to be." She added, more slowly, "Leave me alone." Yet,

before Jean Baptiste left the room, the young woman suddenly seized him by the arm. "Jean Baptiste, what have you been doing? What does this mean?" and she pointed to the table, where the old servant had placed covers for two. "I did not know that I had invited anyone to-day; or can I have forgotten it?"

The old man repressed a secret smile and feigned remarkable absence of mind.

"Pardon, Madame: I do not know myself how this happened. Sometimes I go back to old times, and think continually of the blessed master, as if he were still living."

"Horrible! The man lays the table for the dead! Jean Baptiste," she added sharply, "there is some reason for your absence of mind; but, I repeat, take care, for I shall keep my eyes open." Once more she looked searchingly at the old man, and motioned him to leave.

She then resumed her seat by the fire, and after a while opened the letter to read, though she already knew every word of it. It ran thus:

"MY DEAR FRIEND: Why are you so long silent? Do you think that a man's heart should be satisfied as soon as a woman has no secrets from him? That would indeed be an over-hasty, heroic pride, to which you have not the smallest right. Take heed, Herr Von Deville, you may one day repent of neglecting me, as I almost repent of giving a thought to you. And yet, I must make one more appeal, but for the last time. Victor, I cannot rid myself of the fear that you are in unworthy company; that you have lost your high aims. How often must I repeat to you that I condemn your inactivity in London; that you ought to become a man—a perfect man—doing honor to your ancient name, and making atonement for the sins of your murdered ancestors? You are a young man, rich, highly cultivated, and have escaped from all the storms of horror in France;

and yet, what useful thing have you done hitherto—I will not say for humanity—no, for yourself alone? Let me soon hear that you have taken an honorable resolution, and then will Leonie Nauzelet consider whether she can trust your former vows. You know, indeed, how you knelt before me, while my husband, the brave, honorable Nauzelet was fighting in the East—like Agamemnon, as you said in jest. It is my consolation that he never had reason to reproach me for my friendship to you. I wrote you two years ago that he had fallen at Marengo, on the field of honor; and since that time I seem to have entirely lost your interest. For shame, Victor Deville! and believe me, even the shades can avenge themselves; though my husband can reproach me with but one thing—that I have thought too often of you. And is not that enough, ungrateful man? Oh, smile not at the torture which this confession has cost me! I have indeed struggled with myself for weeks, and three times have I destroyed my letters. The same fate would befall this one, did not circumstances make it my duty to warn you not to come hither for any price. Heed me well. The First Consul has become a raging lion. Since your Islanders have taken a few of our ships, he has instituted a chase against all the Englishmen in France. Therefore, come not to Paris; rather appoint a place on the Rhine, or on the other side of the Channel, where we can meet. What other news can I tell you? Wonderful events are taking place. The Revolution is dead, and freedom also. In a few years we shall again have a Court, more brilliant than ever—triumph, therefore! Oh, who could penetrate the future? Much is said of Lenormand; and the desire often seizes me to see spirits—spirits, promises—as if all promises were not in our hearts alone! Write, I pray you; write, and free me from this dreadful uneasiness. I saw you lately, in my dreams, playing in a theatre, in Voltaire's "*Mort de Cesar*." Victor, I

tremble at certain thoughts. If you have ever loved me, ever hoped to possess me, do not allow yourself to be hurried into any imprudence. We have kept ourselves from guilt in the past; let us do so for the future. My condition is this: that you never leave the path of honor. Write—write. To your dear mother I send my wish for all blessings; and to yourself I say, farewell until our happy meeting!"

Thoughtfully the beautiful young woman read this letter, which was in truth written with her heart's blood, and then rose hastily, with a deep sigh. "It ought not to be. Jean Baptiste is right, for he has saved my honor. I did not consider the letter. I have said more to him than one should say to a young, passionate man. Bah! away with it!" So saying, she threw the paper into the fire, and a blue smoke was diffused through the room.

Lucy A. Williams.

[To be Continued.]

PROFESSOR JOSIAH HIDEBOUND AND HIS FRIENDS.

[Edited by J. Gilliland Davis.]

AN EXPLANATORY NOTE.—I have known Professor Josiah Hidebound many years. When I was a boy he taught me the three R's in a public school in the central region of the State of New York. He has asked me to edit his manuscript, and get it inserted in *THE LAKESIDE MONTHLY*. This request being accompanied by a list of five hundred subscribers, made up by him among his friends on the Alaskan coast, the publishers seem anxious that I should gratify the wish of my old polio-gnome.

The Professor seems to me to be somewhat excited on some points; but I have thought it best to leave him to describe his Alaskan circle, and set forth its views, in his own language. I have, however, sent to him a copy of Senator Carpenter's defence of the "Salary Grab," and underscored the concluding observations of that great statesman upon the manly morality of Jesus of Nazareth. A letter of Mrs. Swishelm on the indecency of prying into the private morals of a great public teacher of sound doctrine, will be sent him by the next mail. With these lights, I hope to improve his views on Social Morals; but the result cannot be known—the mails are so very slow—until 1875.

J. GILLILAND DAVIS.

I AM called Professor Josiah Hidebound; and by occupation I am an under-teacher in Bigmouth College. I am fifty-five years old, and as gray as a rat. I am moved to write about, and at, the world I live in, which world does not conduct itself so as to please me—I state this modestly—and I am perfectly aware that it has never quite

pleased anybody that lived in it. My grievances are not, however, of a personal sort. This world has used me well; so well that I have hitherto felt bribed to silence by my undeserved success. But why should I, Josiah Hidebound, lie a pampered dog on the door-mat of this polished and religious ruffian, Modern Life, and never once show my teeth, while the ruffian under my very nose kicks or shoots the ill-fed dogs that pass this way?

My luxuries, I thank heaven, are real; but one cannot be happy always. I shall bite this ruffian as hard as ever I can, and take my punishment as bravely as possible.

I receive a salary of three thousand dollars. One-fifth of it is paid in currency. Since the premium on gold fell below fifty per cent., my employers have annually threatened to reduce this sum; but a kind Providence has hitherto restrained their hands.

The rest of my salary is paid in five first-class illusions:

ILLUSION FIRST.—That the title of "Professor" will promote my advancement in life, and put my dear daughter Lucy in the way of a good connec-

tion. This honor had to be insisted on when I was employed. Understand me; *my friends* did the insisting. One cantankerous trustee objected that my duties were really of a menial sort, since I would discharge the functions of janitor, accidental chaplain, bill-collector, and teacher of spelling-book, penmanship, and manners. The title of Professor was, notwithstanding this brutal objection, conferred upon me by a strong vote.

"Professor of what?" growled the cynic. They were puzzled; and then spent a week over that problem. At last, however, having assured themselves of my absolute ignorance of the particular subject, they called me *Professor of the Illimitations*. I have always felt grateful to these trustees for the liberality with which they showered honors upon me in this title.

ILLUSION SECOND.—That the title I bear reduces my expenses. It actually works the other way. It is held by society to be a taxable property. Our worthy pastor, Dr. Gooseberry, gets seventy-five dollars a year out of me towards making up his six thousand a year. I once objected; but the Doctor's fogleman silenced me:

"If you think Bigmouth College will keep a Professor who sits in a back corner of the church, just you go there and try it! You can save fifty dollars that way; but it will cost you three thousand dollars."

Dr. Gooseberry is not alone in taxing me. There are fifty-three unlicensed, but perfectly regular and constitutional, tax-gatherers in Bigmouth. Three of them run the silver-wedding business. Fourteen import poor people, and collect a revenue to maintain them. The supply of poor threatens sometimes to run short here in Bigmouth; but these fourteen people are equal to all emergencies. They just "advertise," and that fetches the supply.

I live in an enterprising town; I hope nobody will forget that. If an influential citizen has a puddle of wa-

ter in his back-yard, we dig a ditch a mile long to drain that hole and sweeten the atmosphere. If an influential citizen wants water to sprinkle his yard with, we just go and pump it for him at public expense. We are not so ignorant and narrow-minded as not to know that the man who keeps his grass green deserves the support of his fellow-citizens. The result is that it costs a good deal to live in Bigmouth; but then it's well worth the money. I do n't complain; I am no cynical cur. Still, when three-fourths of my cash income has been paid out to the regular and irregular tax-gatherers, the rest looks small. The fact is, I keep boarders for a living. My title just about sinks the cash part of my pay. I repeat, however, that it is worth all it costs.

ILLUSION THIRD.—That it is a special favor, accorded to just persons only, to live in Bigmouth. The trouble here is the same as in Illusion Number Two. The goods are of a superfine quality; but they are a trifle beyond my means.

Illusions Four and Five I will not inflict on my readers. They are domestic and personal. I can't be expected to blab everything!

The name of our twenty-year-old town begins already to be a puzzle to its inhabitants. I do not doubt that it records an old belief that the particular channel by which the Yareho River reaches the sea at this point is *the largest channel*. There are four others, and this is really the smallest, I think; but no citizen of this city would be mean enough to measure the different channels. Bigmouth is abused by people who accuse us of begging. The truth is, that men who have never been here have a foolish habit of pretending to be Bigmouthers, and of inordinately praising us abroad. We are a very modest people. Our population, according to the last census, is two thousand. According to the next census, it is twenty thousand. Not being proud, we split the difference and call it twelve

thousand. This concession makes our neighbors call us mean-spirited fellows. Still, nothing will induce us to claim twenty thousand until after the first of January, 1875, at which date the census of 1880 will go into effect.

[P. S.—To avoid all chance of geographical error, I wish to add that the Yareho empties into the Pacific Ocean on the coast of Alaska. Inquiring minds may send for Rev. John Hoistcm's circular, descriptive of the advantages of this "Ninety-eighth Addition to the City of Bigmouth, on the main branch of the River Yareho."]

One word about my name: It was at first a nick-name, given to one of my ancestors on account of a very reprehensible habit he had of calling a spade a spade, and because he flatly refused to "conform." They loosened his hide early one morning, at Smithfield, by making a fire under him. The fact is, he deserved burning; for he denied openly that the people who called themselves *the only* Christians were any Christians at all. The irreverence, irreligiousness, and general cantankerousness of a man who would fly like that in the face of Providence—I confess it—makes me humble, when I reflect upon my sceptical and atheistical origin. To be sure, my ancestor pretended to be devout; but we know that a man can't be any such thing and be burned by the true Christians.

The family have pretty well outlived that weakness; but the name is not easily changed, and—we are rather proud of it after all. When the big flags are out on the great days of the Church, and a great orator tosses "THE MIGHTY PAST" out of his mouth with a thunderous sound as of an ocean on a bender, we usually hear a fine word or two for the "martyrs who sealed their devotion with their blood at Smithfield." I feel sure that the orator would burn me if he could, if I should imitate my great ancestor; and yet it lifts me an inch in my boots to hear the old fellow praised.

OUR FIRST CONVERSATION.

"All the men are players."—*Shakespeare*.

I looked up from my evening paper and said, with that deliberation of utterance which makes me the oracle of the circle that gathers nightly around my base-burner:

"I believe that I ought to run my pen through some of these flimsy shams!"

Miss Foolemsum, ex-head of the village academy, started so violently as to shake her spectacles off her nose; and, making an instinctive dive with her left hand towards her back-hair, she shook her right one in my face and exclaimed:

"How dare you insult me, sir!"

The company laughed, Miss Foolemsum blushed violently, and I went on:

"What is the use of submitting to the tyranny of these shams, these mock virtues and philanthropies, these tax-farmers who collect tribute from the stupidity of one-half of mankind and the un murmuring submission of the wiser half?"

The young Banker, a round, jolly bachelor of thirty, laughed irreverently.

"There you are again," he said, "finding fault with your porridge, and making faces at your clothes! If you do n't like the world, what do you live in it for?"

"Sir!"

I said it majestically, for his mocking manner made me fear an insurrection in my kingdom. He did not scare well—I believe the popular phrase is "not worth a cent"—and went on:

"Let me tell you a story. I was in California last summer, and did some collecting for the home-house. One day I went out among the farmers, looking after some over-due paper. These farmers are apt to forget pay-day; I suppose it is their way of retorting on Providence for not paying every Saturday night. Well, one of them—Mr. Granger—was marketing his

wheat, and had a half-dozen men and teams drawing it off to town. I found him sitting by the gate, smoking his pipe, and inspecting the loads as they passed out. His boy Dick came along, among the rest, driving the best team, with fifty bushels of wheat in twenty-five bags on his wagon. Granger stopped him:

"Hold on, Dick! When did you lose your brain-box? You've got the wrong bags on top. Take them bags all out, and put the blue strings above and the white below."

"I asked Granger what blue strings and white strings meant."

"Oh," he replied, "that's my whim." Then he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and went on:

"I do n't mind telling you. The best wheat is in the bags tied with blue strings, and I want that wheat on the top of the load; that's all!"

"I expostulated with him, being concerned for the welfare of his soul; and I fancy I was eloquent — possibly severe. Granger did n't seem to take it kindly at all. He got up and stamped about, silent, but mad all through. But after a minute or two he recovered his speech:

"See here, Tom Coons, I've lived on this planet about fifty years, and my eye-teeth are cut. It just comes to this: If you do n't like the ways of this world you had better *get* into the next! If you live, you've got to conform to custom."

"He re-lit his pipe and sat down. Then he seemed to let off his tropical heat, and get into a summery mood; for he said, in a confidential way:

"You think I cheat the buyer. That's a mistake. When he climbs up on that load and opens the upper bags, he knows there is poorer wheat farther down, and he offers a price that about averages the thing. I do n't fool him any. You can't fool them wheat-buyers! Smartest men in creation! But, if I loaded up wheat all of one quality, I should fool myself and cheat myself. I'd rather be honest,

as you call it; but bless me! what does *honest* mean? The fact is, the whole blamed contraption that you call *living*, is piled up just like that load of wheat; and a man is an ass, and earns the pounding he gets, when he grows too big to live like his neighbors. Your superfine honesty is moral big-head — that is, according to my notion!"

The young Banker, having told his story, looked round triumphantly, as much as to say, "The Professor will have to go to bed without his usual supper of domestic flattery."

To my consternation, Miss Foolemsum endorsed Mr. Granger's doctrine.

"What is the use," she said, "of pretending to be honest, when you can't be *honest* if you wanted to ever so much? I used to get my girls into corners and make them lie; and all the time they knew that I knew they were lying. I believe it is the great, first, paramount duty of every man and every woman to get on in the world. Those that do n't get on, will have to answer for wasting their talents. I do n't believe the Lord likes these squeamish saints that are always failing in life because they are too proud to fib and cheat just as their neighbors do. Mr. Granger is a philosopher."

Miss Foolemsum delivered this speech with great energy, and at the end of it looked me squarely in the face, serene as a June morning, and apparently overflowing happy.

"I am afraid I did mean you, after all," I replied, tenderly but firmly.

"Oh! if you meant me *that* way," — and she blushed again as she got a glimpse of the other way, — "I do n't mind it; in fact, I consider it a compliment to my good sense. When people meddle with my toilet, I feel insulted; my views of life, I make no secret of."

"Miss Foolemsum," I said sternly, "let us understand each other. Will you say just what you now say in that lecture of yours on 'Success?'"

"Why, of course I shall; I want to

get the idea into the heads of women that they are just to go in and win, as men do when they win."

"By lying and cheating, Miss Foolesum?"

"Oh dear, no; not just in those words. That would be putting the white strings on the top of the load. I shall express it diplomatically, and quote at least two good texts to sanctify it. I think we ought to be religious in these things."

At this point, Miss Foolesum sighed a devout sigh, and drew down her face half an inch. These two acts of devotion, I ought to explain, were her Protestant substitute for counting her beads.

The young Banker made matters worse by flattering the old girl:

"You are a philosopher, Miss Foolesum. You beat Granger."

The young scamp laughed at her behind the base-burner; and a small girl called Betsey giggled from the other side of the room in sympathy with his smile. I never could understand why small girls so enjoy fun at the expense of old girls.

Miss Foolesum took courage and went on:

"People ought to be religious and respect the authority of the Church; and they ought to sympathize with the down-trodden Cubans. I insist, Mr. Coons, that a religious life is every one's duty; and you are not doing your duty in that respect. But these moralists who write books, and spoil magazines with their prosinness, to teach folks honesty and truth-telling, and all that *cant*—I do believe they are all infidels. *Some* of them I know are; and I suspect the rest of being unsound in Christian doctrine. Look at Moses and Jacob and David—they were not above deceiving and cheating—and see how the Lord prospered them."

"What!" I exclaimed, in a sort of moral shiver that shook the word out of me.

"Why, did n't you hear Dr. Gooseberry's sermon on Jacob? He proved conclusively that Jacob was ap-

proved of the Lord in cheating Father Laban. The Doctor also said that we ought to improve our opportunities, as Jacob improved his; and that those who did n't, would have to answer for it. A chance to make money for the Lord was not to be neglected—a man neglected it at his peril."

"Miss Foolesum's theory about the moralists reminds me," said the young Banker, "of a story my father tells of a neighbor of his. The neighbor was the wickedest man in town, and a Silver-Gray Whig. When the anti-slavery business came up strong, in 1856, the old reprobate used to say, with great unction, stamping his cane on the pavement:

"These Abolitionists are all d——d infidels; not an orthodox man in the — [four oaths] — crowd."

At this point, Professor Theorem, who is a colleague of mine, a long, gaunt man, with three or four first-class planets-full of wisdom in his face, asked the small girl called Betsey to bring him a glass of water. It is understood among us that this call for a glass of water is a signal that the Professor intends to speak to the question.

Betsey obeyed, and the Professor proceeded to drink his water with that deliberate gravity which he says is one of the great arts of life. I took occasion to interlude with the small girl:

"Betsey, do you take care of Miss Foolesum's rooms?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know where she keeps her purse?"

"Yes, sir. It mostly lies on her table; and I lay it with her paper-cutter on the top of the papers, as she tells me to."

"Did it ever occur to you to steal the money out of the purse?"

The small girl blushed and hesitated.

"Come," I insisted, "tell me the truth."

"Yes, sir,"—very diffidently and stammeringly.

"You little hussy!" exclaimed Miss Foolesum.

"Do n't interfere, please, Miss Foolesum. The girl is not good at lying yet. Now, Betsey, tell me why you never took Miss Foolesum's money?"

"Why, sir, if I had taken it, Miss Foolesum would have found it out and complained to you, sir, and I should have lost a good home. My mother told me if I was n't honest I'd lose my place."

Miss Foolesum's eyes flashed viciously.

"You see the girl is looking after the main chance. You are a good girl, Betsey. I shall remember you at Christmas."

"Thank you, ma'm."

By this time Professor Theorem had finished his glass of water.

"I have been thinking," he said, "what a happy world this would be if it were peopled with men like David and Jacob. If we could only extirpate the race of unregenerate men, and fill the world with people who know how to combine prosperity with religion, earth would become heaven."

Professor Theorem paused to contemplate with his mind's eye this beautiful state of things, when Betsey, emboldened a little by her catechism, broke in:

"What would Jacob do if there were no Labans to get the upper hand of?"

Professor Theorem did not notice the remark, but moved on to his second position:

"The duty of success has been too much overlooked. I have never found it mentioned in any treatise on morals; and yet it is the golden kernel of the first commandment given to men—I mean the order to multiply and replenish the earth. It must be a capital sin—a deadly sin, in short—not to succeed."

The young Banker interposed quizzingly:

"Lazarus was the chief of sinners, I suppose?"

Professor Theorem never attends to interruptions. He went on to his next position:

"Moral notions that prevent success are irreligious notions. They fly in the face of Providence, and arraign the moral government of God."

"But what about the devil and all his works?" said the small girl Betsey.

Professor Theorem concluded as follows:

"Therefore, I conclude that, to fill the world with men like David and Jacob, we need to make success a more prominent duty, and to eschew the moralities that fetter our free activity."

"Bravo!" said Miss Foolesum.

The young Banker asked the small girl Betsey what she thought of the sermon?

Betsey looked roguish as she replied:

"He did n't say a word about Jesus Christ, sir."

"Oh, but he quoted the Bible, you know."

"I'm a small girl, sir, but I do n't think he got the Bible open at the right place, sir."

I thought it time to assert my authority:

"Your sentiments, sir,"—to the Professor,—and yours, Miss Foolesum, are—pardon my frankness—they are Pagan sentiments. You remind me of that interview between a slaveholding clergyman and poor old John Brown, after his condemnation. The clergyman professed a desire to visit the old hero and administer religious consolation. John Brown replied:

"Are you a slaveholder?"

"I am; God has made me a master, and I try to do my duty in that office."

"I shall be pleased to meet you, sir," replied the brave prisoner, "but only as a gentleman—and as a HEATHEN GENTLEMAN!"

"Bully for him!" burst out of the bosom of the small girl called Betsey.

Professor Theorem came in more energetically than usual:

"You have forgotten that John Brown got himself hung, and shortened a useful life by that indiscretion."

The irrepressible Betsey broke in again :

"Did the clergyman live forever? or did he die, too?"

"I do n't think we should ever have heard of him," laughed out the young Banker, "but for John Brown's brave answer; and nobody has heard of him again from that day to this."

Professor Theorem grew agitated :

"I tell you, John Brown was a fool. He threw away the ripe end of his life, the years of greatest usefulness, by a rash act."

"I can tell who was another fool," giggled the small girl called Betsey: "St. Paul. He got himself killed in some way; I've forgotten how."

Miss Foomsum came to the relief of Professor Theorem :

"You do n't know what you are talking about, child. St. Paul was a Christian man, doing his duty, and founding the Church; and did he not say that his life had abounded to the glory of God?"

"No," said Betsey, pouting: "did he?" appealing to me.

"Certainly not," I replied; "the passage is hypothetical."

"I do n't know what that long word means, sir; but I kind of guess it out, too." Betsey blushed and held up, under the fire of Miss Foomsum's eyes.

I began again :

"Suppose that all the world were Moseses and Jacobs, and that these people lied to each other and cheated each other, as you say the wise livers do, how would that society differ from the present one?"

I am sorry to say that the young Banker is addicted to the use of a certain past participle of a theological nature. He used it on this occasion.

"It would be a d—d sight worse world. For in the one we live in there are some honest folks—if not more."

"You forget, Mr. Coons," said Miss Foomsum, "that we are to suppose all the people in Professor Theorem's

world to be religious people, devoted to the glory of God. There would be no sinners in that world, and"—severely—"no profane swearer, sir."

"Are not people who cheat and lie sinners?" This was the small girl Betsey's last squeak for the evening. Miss Foomsum told her haughtily that she had forgotten a little girl's duty to treat her betters respectfully; whereupon the small girl burst into tears and ran off to bed. I am afraid she did not sleep well at first, for she seems to be very sensitive to reproofs.

After the circle had recovered its usual tone, and I had shaken down the coal in the base-burner, I resumed the series of questions that I had in mind :

"Suppose that everybody lies and everybody steals as much as ever he can, how long will the accumulations on hand last?"

"About four years," said the young Banker, who had read some of that perilous stuff called British-gold Political Economy.

"What would become of us after that?" I asked.

"Labor is not to be abolished," Professor Theorem rejoined. "Labor is God's ordinance. We cannot dispense with it. On the contrary, it is our duty to lend the laborer a helping hand. By the way, I have a subscription here for fifty poor fellows oppressed by capital, who have struck for higher wages, and have been discharged by heartless employers. Their families are starving. How much will you give, Miss Foomsum?"

"Will the subscribers' names be published?"

"Certainly. We have arranged all that. The daily 'Bugle,' organ of persecuted labor, has applied already for a copy of the names and amounts."

"Then," said Miss Foomsum, "put me down for five dollars. It is worth that as an advertisement of my name. What an admirable provision of Providence it is that one can, by giving wisely, get value received for his free gifts

That is what I call having a double blessing in charity. I never see a notice that some person has given a large sum to a good cause, but withholds his name, without feeling that the particular giver is a bad kind of Christian. He cheats himself out of the reward paid by Providence for liberality, and cheats the Lord out of the example. If his neighbors only knew it was he that gave, some of them would be moved to give also."

The young Banker laughed again. "I was thinking," he said, "of a certain text against publicity of things of this sort: 'Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.'"

"That text do n't mean *that*," cried Miss Foolemsum. "Did n't He publish the widow who gave two mites, and the other woman who anointed Him with precious ointment? What a beautiful lesson He read us, in that last case, on the duty of making our charity public, that it may do the most good. The fame of that good woman is undying."

"I say," said the young Banker angrily, "there is a mighty difference between being caught at it and told of by the Lord himself, and taking pains to blab it our ourselves."

Miss Foolemsum, haughtily: "You forget, sir, that the Lord is no longer here to catch us at it and tell; and you forget, too, that it is our duty to do His work during His absence from the earth."

At this point, my eldest daughter, sixteen years old, and as pretty a maid—though I ought not to say it—as the town contains, looked up pathetically to me and said, with a choked voice:

"Father, why do n't you say something about the duty of self-denial and self-crucifixion? We are not to seek our own, I read in my Testament; and I am sure that must be a beautiful life which lovingly keeps this law of self-renunciation. I —"

The young Banker, whom I suspect of sentiments towards my Lucy, was

looking at her so intently and admiringly, that the consciousness of having eyes upon her seemed to arrest Lucy's speech suddenly. She looked towards him and blushed. He recovered himself and answered, with a sort of sadness unusual to him:

"All very fine, Miss Lucy; but that kind of thing's 'played!'"

The girl gasped out:

"What *can* you mean?"

"Why, Miss Lucy, if a preacher now-a-days confined himself to that doctrine, he would n't get five hundred dollars a year. You've got to make folks believe it pays to be pious."

"And do n't it pay?"

My young-one put a sort of pleasant wit into the retort, and that set us all to laughing.

I took up again the thread of my catechism:

"If all sellers put the blue strings at the top, and all the buyers know it and bid accordingly, what is gained by the deceit?"

"There is no deceit," said Miss Foolemsum; "it is just following custom, and refraining from turning up our noses at other people's habits, that I advocate."

"But, father," said my Lucy, "suppose there were *some* honest people. I think there *must* be some to keep us going—I mean some people who work and save things, and take care of babies, and do all the gentle things for the sick—some folks, I mean, who forget themselves for the dear little children and the feeble old people. Would n't these folks suffer loss from the selfishness of the rest of the world? It seems to me that they do now. And I love to read about people who forget themselves. And somehow it seems to me that an honest person must be a very admirable one."

"Not unless he succeeds," said Miss Foolemsum with great firmness. "We are to make the most of ourselves. If a man has a gift to move people, he ought not to putter over a sick wife. And if a woman can talk eloquently, she has no

business to waste her time on sick babies. We must use our best gift. People who refuse to conform ought to suffer. That is the way we are taught to care for ourselves. If every one took care of himself or herself, all would go smoothly, according to dear Professor Theorem's principles."

The Professor nodded assent.

My Lucy kindled a little:

"Can babies, sick wives, and other sick people, take care of themselves? And you all seem to forget that we have no right to get on in the world by trampling other people down."

"That is what you will persist in misunderstanding," retorted Miss Foolemsum. "What business have people to get under foot? Let them take care of themselves. I am thoroughly disgusted when I hear people talk about being abused, and showing their bruises in public."

"What did you do when those naughty people put you out of the academy?" chuckled the young Banker.

Miss Foolemsum was bothered for an instant; but she has great presence of mind, and recovered at once. "What did I do? I made capital out of it; advertised myself, and got my name up; that's what I did. That's what sensible people do when they are kicked down."

It was the small and gentle voice of my Lucy that answered, in a tone full of the sweetest reverence:

"He was led as a sheep to the slaughter. When he was reviled, he reviled not again."

I returned to my catechism:

"Is it conceivable that the world could go on well, and be a fit place for human beings to live in, if every one in it worked always for his nearest interest, unrestrained by moral duties? If the theory of self-seeking, set up by my respected colleague, is to prevail, I do not see how the world can remain even semi-civilized: for I suspect we are not yet beyond the stage of semi-civilization. Wolves, I take it, are not, as wolves, capable of civilization.

I am not just now very anxious to vindicate religion. It can take care of itself. God and the human heart seem to me to keep pretty near together. But we want decencies, economies, charities, self-denials, to fill the bill of civilization. For example: I know a man of fine talents, now fifty years old, who abandoned a fine career and devoted himself, twenty years ago, to the care of an invalid wife, to whose health his pursuits seemed detrimental, whose feebleness seemed to require tender nursing by an affectionate friend. She had only him, and he sacrificed his hopes to her needs. She will never be well. His utmost effort can only pave her way gently to death. What do you think of him, Miss Foolemsum?"

"I think him a consummate fool."

"And you, Lucy?"

"I should call him a Christian."

"And you, Mr. Coons?"

"A bully good fellow. I'd like to know him."

"Professor Theorem, will you favor us with your opinion?"

"You have stated an extreme case, for the sake of moving our sympathies. Sympathies are the bane of a logical procedure, and extreme cases are always unfair. The average wife is able to take care of herself, and of her husband too. At least that is my personal experience. You go off the stage whereon we act our part, and insist upon showing us the actors crying and sniffling behind the scenes. I think we may leave people out of the account who don't succeed. Only about one man in a thousand is of any particular value. The rest are in the world to applaud this rare man; to black his boots; to make themselves bridges for him over muddy places; to hoist him upon their shoulders to high places. I leave them out of the account, except as so much *material* which the wise man uses. We should part company with our common sense if we did not make this distinction. If the husband whom you have described really had

ability, he ought to have let his wife die, and so ended her *misery*. Her life is a burden to her, and her death would doubtless be a real relief. We must be sensible, to succeed in the world; and it is our duty to succeed."

My Lucy's eyes snapped fire.

"Oh dear, what a world Professor Theorem would make! God has made one full of pain and sorrow; but He put love and duty in it, to atone for pain. But in the world of Professor Theorem we should have all the pain there is here, and a great deal more, and not one bit of the dear God's antidote of love and duty."

"I say, Theorem," said the young Banker, "what a jolly escape we had when you did n't make the world!"

At this point, Dr. Dynanix, a judicial-minded person, with a fine capacity for catching the sense of the meeting, rose to his feet, and, with that solemn manner which sits so well upon his portly person, proposed the following resolutions:

"1. *Resolved*, That we are in favor of all the philanthropies that are paying investments.

"2. *Resolved*, That we are willing that everybody should keep what belongs to him, provided that we do n't want it ourselves."

Miss Foolemsum seconded the reso-

lutions, and spoke in their support in an eloquent and convincing way:

"These resolutions embody the new Christian philosophy. By the first, I understand that I am to favor those generous movements to benefit mankind, in which mankind pays me back in applause and money. If I am given two hundred dollars an hour, and a national reputation, by "A CAUSE," I see no harm in my supporting it. I make it a rule to waive all conscientious scruples against helping other people, whenever I get more than I give. As to the second resolution, it is to me a new proof that Dr. Dynanix is the leading masculine mind of the present age."

Only Lucy and I voted no. The young Banker said it was a family quarrel among Christians, and he did not like to interfere.

The motion prevailed.

"I think," said I, a little bitterly, "that there should be a third resolution:

"*Resolved*, That Jesus made a blunder when he refused to worship the devil, and receive as pay for it all the kingdoms of the world."

"No," replied Dr. Dynanix, "for Jesus knew that the devil could not give a good title to the property."

"Then," piped in my dear Lucy, "it was no temptation."

J. Gilliland Davis.

LAURA'S CURLS.

I.

I DO NOT think she knew that the spring sun was shining, or that the air stirred with life, or saw the brown buds, chalky with fuzz, or heard the twittering birds, or consciously knew anything but this, that she held in her hand a still unopened letter, and that, even after getting home, her dear

mother's deliberate, not to say slow, movements were a series of time-consumers to be reckoned on this side of a knowledge of its contents.

For she was an impulsive, impatient maiden, this country girl who was hurrying from the village this balmy morning in spring, so intent on some new thought that the familiar land-

scape wreathed all its accustomed smiles unscen.

The swelling slopes of uplying fields, freshening already with the vivid, modest green of young wheat; brown stretches of fallow land; wooded hills, where the cold gray of bare branches was warming with the tinted promise of coming blossoms; the winding road, with springing grass, and here and there a wild flower opening on some sheltered bank; distant mountains, vague and dim with morning; even the dear old home, half hidden in a glory and glow of sunlit orchard blossoms—all this, usually so charming, went unnoticed, or evoked a wistful sigh. This morning it was prose. It must have been common-place, else how could it be—as it was, indeed—so entirely comfortable? But under the spell of love of change, the young bird tries its wings even on the bosom of a storm; and youth's demand for something new was upon her—upon our bird—and this letter was—she felt that it was—to open the cage.

The writing she knew. It was that of a relative, distant in kin and in place, the latter being a hundred and fifty miles from Laura's home, and no less a town than the great New York. The good lady was the wife of a prosperous master-mechanic, "that lonely thing, a motherly woman without children;" and the summer two years before had found Laura the guest and the pet of the opulent but childless household, then only at the county-seat. When seventeen, she was to be recalled for a visit of indefinite length and happiness in the great city. Laura was now seventeen, and the letter had come. To be sure, she had not yet seen the inside of it; and most provokingly, the post-mark was inscrutably blurred.

But parental consent must be taken into account; and besides, who knows? there might be no invitation in the letter after all! "Oh, if only mother would n't be so slow about things!" she said to herself, in a tumult of conflicting but delightful anxieties.

She came upon the old homestead, like the spirit of a little whirlwind, running through the barn-yard, exasperating the decorous old hens, scattering their downy balls of chickens, her pet puppy wriggling in vain his best welcome, and reaching the kitchen, where her mother was patiently paring potatoes for dinner, she thrust the letter under the good woman's astonished nose, gasping — for she was nearly breathless — "Read it, quick!"

Important things are not to be done quickly, just because giddy girls, after scattering the chickens in a panic, awaking from his snooze old deep-throated Bowser for an officious bark, and setting every turkey on the place to gobbling, think to hurry older and wiser folks.

The good mother carefully sets down the wooden bowl of potatoes, fun-bles in a well-nigh bottomless pocket, slowly fishes up from its depths a pair of spectacles, examines the glasses, rubs them thoroughly with a corner of her blue check apron, meditatively puts them on, re-adjusts them under her neat hair, shapely and nice, and then takes up the letter from her lap. Surely, the preliminaries are over now, thinks the girl, posturing in all the protean shapes of nervous impatience. But no such thing! The matter is important. The noise and excitement accompanying the arrival of this missive have not even yet terminated, and it is, therefore, to be treated as an event, possibly such as might even delay dinner, as happened that time the storm unroofed the barn. The good old lady, with pious scrupulosity, spells out her own name and address in the superscription, examines the seal, and turns the whole over and over and over again. At length she opens it, with the provident delicacy of an eye-surgeon; but the reading is slow, with numberless references back to the first page. But we will let her take her time, if her daughter cannot, and look at the latter; a damsel, who is just now gazing into the quiet, motherly face, which in turn is gazing at the letter,

notwithstanding the former's feverish grasp of her arm with irrepressible importunity.

Curls!—that is what you first see; for her hair is what girls call "perfectly splendid," and men, with a sort of luscious emphasis, as if they were tasting it, call "glorious!" And, indeed, both are right. It is her one great beauty: for though she has a bright face, clear white skin, perfect teeth, now and then a pretty color in the round cheeks, still, her eyes are too light for obvious beauty, though they can brighten with fun, and deepen deep enough with feeling.

Her nose—happily, there's not enough of it to mention—while her mouth, which smiles honestly—I know a man who says, that is more priceless than rubies—is a trifle too large. She is neither "stately," "statuesque," nor "willowy with grace," though she has a springy, elastic, healthy fibre, and a well put-up figure—that is all; but her hair is a marvel.

City girls by the thousand—may we say by the ten thousand—had to be slighted by the old Dame Nature we read about, in order to bestow on this country lass, thankless, because innocently ignorant of its world-wide rarity, this dower of hair, these troops of moving waves and curls, incessantly involving each other, pouring about her neck and bosom like spray—a cascade of gold. Wind-tossed, tangled, flossy, her hair swept in webs and ringlets to her waist, making Laura shine like a mediæval saint. Unsophisticated girl! how often, sensible more of its unwieldy quantity than of its glory, she had fretted over the troublesome task of untangling those shining meshes, and wondered how it could be at once so heavy and so vexatiously light. Dark hair, with which all the other girls pretending to beauty in the neighborhood flattered themselves, had often been Laura's worst envy, when told that hers was "fady." Little she knew how blonde had come into fashion, or that anything prized in the

grand, gay world, could be a possession of hers.

But even now, as she stands with her stout leather booted toe patting the kitchen floor, her right hand still tugging at her patient, impassive mother, her left is pulling a tuft which for mass, twist, length, lustre and color, would have been envied at Windsor Castle or St. Cloud.

"Mother, mother! Does she want me to come? Do say something, for mercy sake!"

"Why, Laura, what's the row?" said a hearty, elderly, genial man, entering like a refreshing breeze, in a softened tone, but touched with drollery, as he saw her eager looks. Voluble explanations and confident appeals showed who was the old man's darling.

"Well, well, child, hev patience. Wait to hear mother. Let her take her time. She's a 'main slow one, she is. An' so my Laura wants to leave her old father, eh? But there, honey,"—as a cloud came over the bright face,— "do n't look so down all ter worst—it's nateral. Young folks will be young folks; and if the old woman, God bless her! agrees, I shan't deny ye."

The old lady had done the reading. But the letter had to be neatly refolded and replaced in the envelope, likewise the spectacles properly adjusted into their case, and then returned to the pocket.

"Yes, Laura, it's from Ann Hamlin. She does send you an invite to go down to York and stay a spell to keep her company, for Hamlin, says she, has a job way up nigh onto West P'int, an' won't be hum much, and, says she, she'll be mor'n lonesome. But——"

O hateful word to unchastened youth! how quickly "but" shakes Laura all over like the thrill of a galvanic battery!

"But, you see, child, there's considerable to do around the house till plantin' time's over. An' then, it's considerable job to get you fixed for city doin's and things. I'll think it over and—and—well, we'll see."

Laura pleaded.

"Come now, Ruth, woman, don't keep the child in misery, for she's never been further 'n Galton's mill in her life, and she's sot her heart on 't. Do n't disapp'int her. She's all we've got left. God's will be done!" added he reverently, as before he had spoken tenderly.

"An' as for the city doin's, I guess I can afford to fix my dear little Laura as well as Bob Jinks fixed up them flamingoes of his'n—to be sure, they're nice enough gals—that he sent to York last winter. An' as for work, can't we git one o' them Jones gals? Chirk up, Laura, you shall go, my gal—your old dad says so."

Without alarm for his breath, the father submits to the choking embraces he has so often had from Laura's energetic arms, and the kisses of her daughterly lips.

"Well, I *do* say, Laura comes by her hurryin' and pushin' honestly—like her father for all the world. Was n't I intendin' to say the same thing, Abram? But I always consider. You do n't show it so much, old man; but I've seen the day you've tuk away my breath with your flurries, just as Laura does your'n," adding, with a sigh, "But she'll sober down, too, after a spell, I guess, poor child. Trouble'll come soon enough—let her hev her day. Let her go; yes, let her go. She mought as well hev her fun while she kin. Yes, Laura, you kin go. But, Abram, I *would* like t' 'a' slept on it, so I could 'a' made up my mind. 'Pears like I never could settle a thing in a hurry. It's so onsatisfyin'."

The good mother's last words were hard to hear, for she had her check-apron to her eyes, till her only remaining child, with fond impetuosity, pulled it away for a grateful and ardent kiss.

But, "can a maid forget her ornaments, or a bride her attire?" In what a tumult Laura passed the period of preparation for an *entrée* into that remote and magnificent world, a great city to a rural child!

A spinster cousin was called in to

assist. The village store gave up its best; and the occasion was intensely realized by Laura when she was getting two dresses at a time. Heretofore, girlish vanity had not sufficed for fortitude amidst the semi-annual pinnings-up, bastings, turnings about, etc., of Mrs. Trucfit, the dressmaker, out of whose purgatory she issued, betimes, in a new dress. But now nothing was irksome that was so distinctly tributary to her hopes.

The day of departure came, preparations were all made, and Laura's heart was full. Her father's feeling look and her mother's unrestrained tears as she got into the "dandy-wagon," did not fully break in on the delightful novelty of her situation until, after passing the first hundred yards, she looked back and saw them standing where she had left them, with idle hands, gazing at her. She bursts into passionate tears, and wants to turn back for another good-bye; but the neighbor who is driving her to the railroad station, twelve miles distant, declares, though with an indulgent grin, "There's no time to lose." From a gentle rise a quarter of a mile on the way she looked back. The dear old couple are not visible; but she sees them as they stood, with empty hands and a kind of forsaken look—so she sees it, and will ever see it—as she beholds a moment longer the old gray house, with its committee of trees, in perpetual conference for the happiness of that home. It is gone; and, for a mile, Laura is silent and sad. But long before she reaches the station, she recollects where she is going, and is happy as the bluebirds that sport over her head.

When Laura passed beyond the orchard and was gone, the farmer and his wife slowly went to the porch, realizing how lonely the place was without Laura.

"Abram," said the mother, repressing a sob, "my mind misgives me like. I never r'ally tuk notice that Laura was a woman grown till

she kissed me good-bye, a goin', like a lamb, into this miserable world of wickedness, knowin' nothin' — nothin' at all, Abram. Have n't we kep' her too close? Sich a pore, weakly critter as she was afore she tuk to growin', an' then, all—" the choking sob had its way, and then she finished her sentence—" all that's left o' four; how could I 'low her to be out o' my sight? Pore child, she's never been anywheres wuth speakin' of; an' she knows nothin', nothin', Abram."

"Do n't fret, Ruth," said the old man, furtively wiping his eyes with his hard knuckles, as he turned to go in; "trust her to the Lord and Ann Hamlin. Ann's smart, too, as well as good. She'll look out."

II.

Mrs. Hamlin's natural refinement had made good taste the sure product of attentive observation. She had hardly expected Laura to be so well-mannered; but the reserve as well as seclusion in which she had been brought up, and the habit of repeating aloud to herself passages from certain of old Abram's solid books, had given her a sense of verbal propriety quite beyond her opportunity, and inspired an eagerness to form her manners, and speech on better models as soon as she could get access to them. Good Mrs. Hamlin was delighted with, and before an hour was proud of her. But Laura found herself instantly a distinguished person. "Superb!" "Wonderful!" "Such texture!" "Such color!" and kindred expressions—not for her, to be sure, but for her hair.

It was when the huge bag of unimaginable ponderosities pinned to the pate, with a single long curl dangling, were fashionably regnant. But Mrs. Hamlin's taste was equal to this occasion. No unseemly nets, no transubstantiation into *chignons*, no exasperating barber-tricks of any sort. Back from the fresh young face into a mass at the crown, then confined by a slen-

der, simple comb, and then the rest of it, free as a cataract, tumbled to her waist in massy, silky affluence, all her own, as undeniably as the lashes of her eyes.

The day came when, in her city street-suit, Laura was led forth by her matronly cousin, and a street-car brought them to Broadway. What a pity that the few persons in the world who could appreciate what she felt are not here to hear her tell them! A million sounds never heard by a city ear were there. A million sensations never felt by country nerves were Laura's. The officious policeman, without whom cousin Ann's tact might not have kept her *protégé* out of danger, was but a part of this bewildering, fearful, but beautiful spectacle of life about her. It is only noise and danger to the average countryman; only the commonplace of existence to the ordinary "cit;" both stupid and insensible to what was so thrilling to Laura; the one from dullness, the other from habit. We will leave her and cousin Ann to the city's wonders and initiations, and have a word or two about the latter and her unpretending but elegant home.

Hannah had a whim—a rather inconvenient whim in a servant in the middle of New York—but what mistress would not have willingly indulged it if in all other respects Hannah's excellent qualities were at her service? Hannah had seen the day when there were no street-cars, and she was invincibly averse to those particular "new-fangled things." She would never get into one. But cousin Ann—be it reverently spoken—had her whim, too. He was a useful one in his place. It was her doctor. Hannah contentedly fattened over the kitchen-fire, while the little commissions "down town" were the more methodically arranged in memoranda for Mr. Hamlin, or, in his absence, a smart lad of the neighborhood. Meanwhile, who could tell how soon the absence of any other than Hannah might bring the two

whims into conflict?—for the doctor could be rapidly called only by a long trip on the street-cars, and good cousin Ann had her sudden "spells."

Laura had seen the city in church, theatre, museum, gallery, park, hotel, and everywhere in public, but had seen no "company" as yet; that is, cousin Ann had not got her ready for young folks, of whom, indeed, she had met none but by chance a young man in charge of Mr. Hamlin's city shops—a thorough workman, with a studious, yet practical business turn, of even less pretensions than claims to elegance of address. This was Tom Joyce. He sat in the parlor one day, waiting while Mrs. Hamlin wrote—not very swiftly—a letter to carry back to Mr. Hamlin, up the Hudson. Hannah saw more of the scene than Laura did, as she went in and out the parlor. Tom eyed Laura with a different kind of scrutiny, and almost the same degree of it, that he daily applied to his employer's wheels and shafts, and such things. Hannah, after he had gone, did not hesitate to say to Laura that Tom had "tuk to her," and that may be "r'ally she could ketch him." Laura was half affronted.

"He's too rough for my taste," said she haughtily.

Hannah sniffed, and as she passed out muttered, "Puttin' on high and mighty airs a'ready!"

But Laura was not putting on airs. They had come of themselves. She was putting in contrast, not merely the bumpkins of her native neighborhood, but this sober, sensible, solid, well-civilized young man with the luminous and dazzling dandies whom she had met in Broadway, and she did not know but that they were all gold even as they glittered; for was not the glamour on her eyes? But then that is just where it ought to have been, under the circumstances. The capacity to invest cloth and hair and leather and gold and gems, provided they happen to be on a living body, with the qualities of a man so supremely

excellent that the best girl might feel like worshipping him—that capacity, what is it? Is it anything but proof of the unconscious strivings of the soul after perfection? that vague longing for fitness between the seen and the unseen life which youth peremptorily demands as its right, and age mutely deplores as unattainable?

Mrs. Hamlin "took a spell." Laura's romance was perfectly consistent with the quick vigilance, fertile tact, and patient assiduity of a faithful and experienced nurse. But the doctor must be had, and that forthwith. Hannah had not waited for any direction, but the convenient lad was not at hand, to her great embarrassment, and how was the doctor to be summoned? She did not offer to enter the hateful "new-fangled thing," the car, but only said:

"'Tis powerful unlucky—powerful!"

The patient was driven to the pinch: "O Hannah, this once! Will you go?"

Laura saw the situation, and appreciated it. She instantly rose up, and glancing at her dress, as a woman does when about to hurry out doors, exclaimed decisively:

"I'll go!"

Poor cousin Ann took a stitch in her side at this moment, and being overcome with what the novelists call "contending emotions," cried womanishly. Hardly waiting for her consent, Laura was quickly bundled up with waterproof and umbrella, volubly directed by Hannah to the doctor's place, and hustled into the street in a cold, drizzling rain. She soon found him, left her message, and started home. But the wind disabled her umbrella and deranged her hat and things. She stopped under an awning until she had it all right again, and then hailed a car with a studied air of that unconscious city nonchalance which had become an object of her ambition.

Passengers were few, dull, and unattractive. One, indeed, exhibited a little of a pale cheek and the end of one of those trim, fine, graceful moustaches,

which had, more than any personal object, contrasted the city with the country masculine face. But this interesting passenger was not facing her.

"Fare, Miss!" energetically demanded the conductor.

Of course she was startled, and haste only the more disconcerted her. Everything she had on got between her hand and her pocket, and that provoking waterproof-hood was flopping about her face. She gave it a jerk, and down it came; but not alone. Down came her hat, with its broken strings, and rolled to the feet of the proprietor of the aforesaid moustache. What a situation for a country lass! But when the conductor's hand came from one side for his money, the young man's from the other with her hat, and the whole of her hair lawlessly deluged her in its rich masses, what would the coolest city girl have felt? She seized the hair, now pinless and combless, vainly trying to dispose it somehow, and, patience failing, uttered, in her impulsive way, as she dropped her hands,

"There! let it go!"

Tossing her head with just a touch of temper, she applied herself to the relief of the conductor, while the passenger held the hat ready in his hands, entirely unconscious of the rare and splendid spectacle she was presenting to observers.

"Real hair—every fibre of it!" said the young stranger to himself, with visible wonder and admiration; and when she accepted the hat and thanked him, with real grace and a flush, Laura was, indeed, for the moment, a beautiful creature.

He saw the beauty, of course; but his smile looked to her like indulgent scorn for pardonable rusticity.

"This hateful hair has brought me into this trouble!" said Laura to herself, and half wished it was gone—particularly as there was obviously no ingenuity in New York which could work it into one of those charming and so fashionable *chignons*.

Soon leaving the car, she looked back, thanking her stars she was out of sight of that man, "Sitting there to laugh at me!" He was, in fact, watching her; and when she had gone out of sight, with a long breath he drew in his head, mentally saying:

"I've heard of a man's not believing his own eyes, and now I know how it feels. Jupiter! what strands and curls!"

Good cousin Ann very soon recovered, as she had done a hundred times, with her faith in her doctor refreshed, and resumed her practice of showing Laura about. From old habit and association, not less than from its really being a marvel to a country visitor, cousin Ann was partial to a view from Trinity steeple, whither she carried Laura one bright, breezy day.

Entering the cars on their way, the conductor's demand for fare suddenly and vividly recalled her adventure the day she went for the doctor, which little vexation had been reserved, at the time, in view of cousin Ann's nervous state, and had been forgotten ever since.

Laura was on the point of opening it up to amuse her cousin, when, at the instant, in came the very man of the moustache, and seated himself opposite her! She instantly looked out of the car-window, but did not see one thing, of course, nor—poor girl! she could not help it—did she hear one word of cousin Ann's stream of reminiscences about Sir Charles Grandison, Clarissa, and all the rest she had read about in the old novels. She was sure he was laughing at her, and had a mind to give him a look of wrath; but when it came to the pinch, she had not the courage to do it.

Soon her cousin and she left the car, and the last she saw of him was a faint white spot with eyes and moustache in it, toward which she shot off a look of resolute disdain.

Weary and long is the way up Trinity steeple; but once up, the view burst upon Laura as of matchless glory

New York, with its murmuring life far below; the distant hills beyond; and, on the right, the broad, sun-lit bay, populous with sails and steamers. Dazzling it was, for surely no object is brighter than New York under a June sun, viewed from the steeple-top.

But other folks were coming to enjoy the same scene, for their steps were heard on the little stairs. Laura looked that way, and, of course, there was the moustache! He scarcely seemed to see her at all, though she could n't doubt his object was to laugh at her. She could not get rid of him; neither could she of the curiosity which his persistency augmented. His figure was slight, tall, but shapely, with large, romantic, dreamy eyes, soft, fine complexion, and snow-white hands. She looked once too often, as he suddenly turned his head, and his eyes said, plainer than Cadmean characters could spell it—admiration! Here was a revelation as sudden, and, it seemed to her, almost as tremendous, as a thunderbolt. All the way from contempt to devotion—from resentment to love! The place was suddenly enchanted; was it not out of the world, as far below (as seemed) as the sky was above?

"Come, my dear," said cousin Ann, looking at her watch; "it is high time to go."

Laura would have stayed. It was like drowning herself voluntarily to leave that very floor she was standing on as an enchanted isle, and descend into the moiling deeps below. But cousin Ann was going, and already her descending steps left her skirts on the narrow stair. Laura paused to allow them to get out of the way, and as she watched them, was conscious—how thrillingly conscious!—that the figure was approaching her. He was near. Startled, she looked up in a tumult, and met an ardent gaze of dark, large eyes, that for a moment transixed her with fascination. She broke the spell, and turned to go down the steps, with him still bending over her, and a whis-

per of soft, but strangely thrilling, music entered her ear: "How lovely!" At the same instant he nervously dropped his cane, and turning to recover it, picked up a *porte-monnaie*, and instantly handed it to her, as if she had dropped it. She mechanically took it, not knowing but that it was hers or her aunt's, with a vague notion that she ought first to inspect its contents, but all in such an agitation that she did n't know what she was about. Meantime, he, as if sparing her, stood behind her; yet, with an officiousness which she felt was inadmissible, but with apologetic murmurs, so low, soft and delicate, that she could not spurn it, was actually adjusting her hat from some awry or ludicrous shape it must have got into. And when she had finally discovered that the *porte-monnaie* was the property of some other person (though it had no money beyond a few pieces of fractional currency), and handed it back to him at the instant that he had finished the readjustment of her hat and was bowing an irresistible apology, she felt in her heart the unconventional gratitude with which she thanked him, and instantly disappeared after her cousin, whom this, to Laura, eventful one minute had carried a score of steps downward.

The passage was too narrow and dark for two descending women to take much notice of each other's looks. All the better for Laura, who, had her speechless embarrassment attracted interrogatory, could not, for her life, have given any rational account of the last two minutes.

Cousin Ann had made Laura's hair her pride and delight, dressing it herself with tireless patience until she had taken that "spell," during, and then after, which Laura had been entrusted with the care of her own head. But she had but imperfectly acquired dexterity in handling the masses after her cousin's special fancy, and, if the truth must be told, had grown careless after finding that the greater the disorder, the greater everybody's admiration.

Since the steeple adventure, the days went by in dreams, broken into thrilling intervals by startling misgivings. The hair that was *his* admiration was like *his* shadow, and thus hallowed by his love, had a new and inestimable value to her. Laura was in love with the man, who can doubt?

The only thing that alarmed Laura was that she could contrive no form of speech in which to tell her cousin all about it, which she could not foresee would evoke from that excellent lady decided admonition and pointed caution against prepossessing strangers; while, on the other hand, she found herself ready to face the world for him. There was something wrong somewhere: either in cousin Ann, in Adonis—she had to name him something, and was not willing to compare him with his species—or in herself. She could but loyally acquit cousin Ann. With *him*—O! how find a fault? Then, the whole matter was in herself. "Nobody is wrong but me, and I am only a little confused." She did not admit to herself that she could almost swim East River to see him again; but she was, nevertheless, continually on the street, on one pretext or another, looking for a slight, tall figure, graceful moustache, chaste, elegant cane, white hands, and large, dark, wondrous eyes.

"Goodness! who knows how long he has been in sight!" exclaimed Laura, as she was turning into Grand street from Broadway, and saw her "Adonis" behind her. But he did not seem to see her at all, and reaching the same corner, turned the opposite way. She could not forbear watching him as his graceful gait carried him farther and farther off. Suddenly he turned, hardly half a dozen doors from Broadway, and disappeared through a door which appeared to be that of a photographer—to get his picture taken, beyond a doubt! Laura did not follow, for there was a meanness in the thought which quickly turned her away and bent her on her proper course.

That evening there was company, not formally, but yet collected by cousin Ann from among those of her circle that she was most willing for Laura to meet; and perhaps, with a secret desire to bring the estimable Tom Joyce and her pet into better acquaintance. Laura was very much afraid of the young ladies, who indeed, were still more, though less obviously, afraid of her; for the solicitude of the young gentlemen to please her was plain as it could be. Laura had her share of ambition, and had no scruples in exciting the envy of her rivals by expressly encouraging Joyce, who visibly kindled, breaking into an engaging and instructive conversation with such propriety, intelligence and tact, that Laura was quite pleased with him, feeling more pride and pleasure in his attention than she had supposed possible. In fact, but for beings in the world of whose exalted excellence she had as yet but a delicious glimpse or two, she could see no shortcoming in this young man; especially as his acquirements made her very quickly sensible of shortcomings in herself. But where were the dreamy eyes, the whispered notes—for she had never yet heard *his* voice above the softest murmur—the ornate and elaborate air?

One of the young men present put the company in a giggle by the rather abrupt explosion of his long-restrained admiration for Laura's hair. "Look at Miss Laura! Was there ever such hair on one head before! She could sell it for thousands of dollars!" There was fresh laughter when Laura's simplicity disclosed her surprise that hair was a merchantable commodity. Thence various estimates were made of what it would bring; the flattering opinion finally settling it at its weight in gold. Instances were given of girls selling their hair, and other methods of supplying the market, sometimes from the beautiful dead, sometimes by theft from the living by intimates, or even strangers, qualified by experienced dexterity, and provided with deft scis-

sors made for the purpose, as pick-pockets wear special rings.

"You'd better look sharp, Laura," said Mr. Hamlin, home for a brief visit, joining in the banter of the moment. "They'll steal your hair."

"But a thousand will be after her heart where one will be after her head," gallantly said one of the gentlemen.

"But," said Mr. Joyce, "the scoundrels sometimes come the love-dodge on the girls, and steal the hair from their heads."

"I am perfectly willing to trust any one of the gentlemen present," said Laura, amidst merry applause.

Thus passed away Laura's first evening in city society.

Was it accident altogether that brought Laura, the next day, to a photographer's a few doors from Broadway, on Grand street? She thought it was; and we are not at liberty to impeach her testimony. Being there, at the door, she did not disguise from herself that, of all things under the sun, she would like to see what a picture the ineffable stranger would make. What harm? It is only looking at the specimens of a shop. Up she went.

At the head of the stairs, a kind of vestibule offered a photographic gallery on the right, and, on the left, an elegant hair-dressing establishment for ladies. An exhaustive search of the former failed to disclose any picture of *him*; and, as she stood before the latter, reading the sign, "Fashionable Ladies' Hair-Dressing, by Madame Légliſe, de Paris," she remembered, with curiosity, what had been said, with so much flattering exaggeration, about the value of her hair. She entered; but finding no person in the front room, occupied herself with the curious specimens in the shop, while a business colloquy, which she overheard in a rear room, might end. It happened to be on the very subject of her curiosity.

"Seex dollaire," she heard in a woman's cracked voice, "ees vary high

for zat curl, Monsieur Alleyn, even eef it ees ze longest one yet. I do not say positeev zat I weel not take him; but seex dollaire is all he ees wairt, zat I say."

"Bah!" said a man's voice, "Look at it! No such curl was ever seen on Broadway. Tell me you can't get ten dollars for it! — you know better."

At first Laura had thought the dealer was bargaining with a purchaser. It seemed now he was one from whom such goods were purchased. Involuntarily she sharpened her ears. The seller resumed:

"There are more to be had, old woman, where this one came from. I get them, or nobody does. Now, you can talk. If you can't give me what will pay trouble and risk, this one ends the supply. That'll draw you out, old gal?"

There was silence, as of hesitation. The female voice was heard again, suddenly earnest:

"Alleyn, eef you can geet me — listen, you saire! — eef you can geet me seven of zeeſe from ze same head, I will geeve you one hundred and feefty dollaire — yes, one hundred and feefty dollaire, saire; but less zan seven, I geeve you but five dollaire each one, saire."

"I understand; you can't fool me! You'll send them as that present to the Empress Eugénie. All right; that'll make your fortune; and then what'll you give me, eh?"

"How you know zat?" she answered, with a confessional laugh. "Vell, zen, I geeve you, if I make ze Empress game vork, I geeve you another hundred and feefty dollaire. O, vhat a curl!" And the old hag's enthusiasm broke through all bounds.

Then ensued some low talking, interrupted with frequent chuckling on both sides, occasionally breaking into hilarious banter. Laura was exceedingly shocked. From expressions in their suppressed colloquy, coupled with what she recalled of the conversation the evening before, it was apparent to

her that some unfortunate young woman was to be despoiled of her hair, under the detestable treachery of a pretended lover. It was in the very midst of her indignant wonder how any girl could be goose enough to have her hair cut off her head by a thief, without suspicion, and of the feeling, with a toss of the head and an involuntary grasp of her own flowing tresses, that no man living could ever dare such a game with her, that the prickly touch of recently-cut hair met her recoiling finger-tips back of her own ear. At the same moment she heard the man's voice, in a jubilant, business tone :

"Ten dollars down in gold, and it's a bargain."

The clink of money, the sudden bustling murmur of people just concluding arrangements to be immediately executed, a careful examination with her now trembling hand of the place where she had lost tufts of hair—she was in the shadow of a broad, open, inside shutter, and not in the

line of communication between the outer and the rear door—when from the latter emerged, the next moment, and hurried toward the street, Adonis! — *her* Adonis!

Thomas Joyce, Esq., whose house is the home of men of experimental science, and the centre of a bountiful and elegant, but not ostentatious, hospitality, situated above Piermont, on the Hudson, together with his wife, often wonder whether little Laura's curls will be as fine as her mother's, though at ten years of age there's no telling. Old Hannah stands her ground on the street-car question. Tom has a joke on his wife. Cousin Ann cannot imagine what it is; and even the doctor's help is of no avail. Tom says he is reserving it till little Laura is a little older. Last Thanksgiving, at the old home of Laura's childhood, all were happy, for Laura's mother had plenty of time to "consider" and "make up her mind," so that there was nothing "onsatisfyin'."

Mary Louisa Binckley.

JOHN WATKINSON'S WIFE.

A STUDY FOR A STORY.

CHAPTER I.

"Ilkley, an Ancient Town,"—*Camden*, 1580.

THE town of Ilkley, in the last quarter of the sixteenth century, was a quaint little place, which had seen better days;—this was so long ago, however, that the townsfolk only preserved a dim tradition of their ancient consequence, and were in no way troubled by it, but were quite content to walk from the cradle to the coffin in the old familiar groove which had been made for them by the feet of twenty generations.

At this time, the population of the town consisted almost entirely of peas-

ants and small farmers, with here and there a weaver of the stout Yorkshire cloth, in which our people had managed to hide some of their own sterling worth in the centuries which had come and gone since an English king encouraged a little colony of Walloons to settle down in Otley to teach the dalesmen how to make the best of their wool; and this was the beginning of the small weaving industry at Ilkley, which held its own, in a slow fashion, with many ups and downs, until it was finally put out of existence when John Cunliff became bankrupt about 1741.

The town stood, then, out of the

way of all the great lines of travel, nestling down in the lap of the woods which swept eastward and westward towards Burley and Addingham, and which were so thick that a squirrel could leap into either parish without touching the ground, with the help of the great trees in the hedge-rows. Above the town, to the south, the crags came down close to the old mill-dam, and then rolled up, in a wild confusion, clean to the crest of the moor; there they billowed into a jagged line, and then gathered to a culmination at the southeast corner of the crest, to which the Saxons gave the homely name of "The Cow and Calf," when they first came in and tore the land from the mongrel breed the Romans left behind them when they went back to the heart of the empire from its extremities, like the blood in a dying man.

So the only road up Wharfedale lay on the north side of the river, as you may see in the old map of 1610, and to get to Ilkley you had to cross the steep narrow bridge which stood to the east of the present structure, and make your way to the town by a sort of horse-and-foot path which wandered round in an uncertain fashion until it brought you to the foot of the height on which the church stood and the greater part of the town. Here was the western fosse of the old fort, partly filled in, but still so hard to climb that the mourners from Nessfield and Middleton always finished their funeral chant before they bore the dead up the steep, for long experience had taught them that the slowest tune had not the ghost of a chance against such climbing. The proud, shame-faced young father, also, coming in with his wife for the baptism of his first-born, would always stop there and say, if he was much of a man, "Nä, tha mun gi' me t' bairn an' let ma hug it up t' hill; thaal niver be aäble t' carry a lad like that; he beats all t' bairns I iver saw sin' I wer' born." But at the weddings from over the river the young men always brought their horses to the church

gate, and then the moment the wedding was over they mounted and away down the steep and over the bridge on a full stretch, for the rider who got first to the bride's home had the first drink of spiced ale out of the silver tankard, the first kiss from the bride, a wealth of ribbons to tie about his hat, and the first piece out of the bride's cake to divide with the lass he was to lead some day on the same sweet old errand.

Once on the hill you were in the heart of the town. Fronting the church, on the first level ground, stood an hostelry of some pretension, built about the close of the Wars of the Roses by one Hardwick, who had managed to pick up some petty plunder in his vocation of a sutler, and like most of his class had held on to it, so that when the wars were nearly over, as he had a decided taste for a cup of good ale, he thought he might combine pleasure with profit if he could keep a tavern; and in grateful remembrance of his luck, as well as to show his loyalty, he went to the expense of a swinging sign of the Rose and Crown, on which the artist painted an unmistakable crown first, and then said: "Now, Maister Hardwick, is it to be a white rose, or a red?" "Naäy," the old sutler replied slowly, "it 's to be naäyther. Tha' sees noabody knows which is t' winnin' side fer good an' all yet; so we 'll mak' it a sort o' pink, an' then it 'll dew fer aäyther wi' varra little alteraäion."

Further on across the way stood another tavern of immemorial antiquity, on the exact site, in truth, of the old Roman change-house, where the horses were kept for travellers on public business over the two imperial roads which crossed each other near at hand. When they went away finally, and the Saxons came, they found the old place suited very well for an ale-house, to which they gave the name of "The Wodenshead," as I suppose, for that must have been why it grew, in the course of time, by a natural change, to be called by the natives "Wooden-head." But after the Conquest, when

William's men swept Yorkshire clean, with fire and sword, from the Trent to the Humber, the old house was burnt with the little cluster of cottages about the church and the house of the Saxon thane, which had been built within the ring of the Roman fortification. This house was held in a manner sacred, I may say just here, ever since Willerus, thirteenth Archbishop of York, ate his dinner there in the summer of 870, when he fled from York to Addyngham, to be out of the way of the angry Danes, beneath the wing of Bworhed, King of Mercia, who sheltered him a whole year, as you may find set forth in the old chronicle of Simeon of Durham, with the sole exception of the dinner. That was a tradition preserved for a long time by ancient men of good repute, whose forefathers had cleaned the platters in a very primitive fashion when the Archbishop had gone away; and it is a singular fact that, in the course of time, they were understood to have dined *with* him. Lord Percy, receiving the town from the conquerors, gave the tavern-site to a jolly old butler who wanted to retire to the shady retreat of a cellar of his own. He put a new roof on the sturdy old walls, made the place as cosy as he could, and changed the sign to the "Wheat-Sheaf," which it retains to this day.

This ancient hostelry stood, in the days I am writing about, with its gable to the one street of which the town could boast. You would imagine, to look at it, that it had turned about in a huff and given the place the cold shoulder. Yet this was by no means the case. Everybody knew there was no such warm nook to be found within many a mile, as the great caverned fire-place of the "Wheat-Sheaf," heaped up with peats, where on winter nights the rustics toasted their shins and cracked their jokes as they passed round the brown jug of thick ale, which they liked all the better because, as they said, it had some "body" in it.

Up the street, on either side of the town beck, stood a row of low thatched

cottages, each with a cow-house, a pigsty, a little garden, and a great dung-hill; so that on the west side of the beck, where the road ran up to the mill, there was only just room enough for the little carts that brought the grain to grind—oats, mostly—from the outlying farms. At the "town-'ead," as it was called, stood three houses of a little more pretension, of which the most comfortable, to my mind, was that of the miller. It had been built by the monks of Sallay, who were comfortable men; was of the genuine Saxon type, and seemed in summer as if it was thatched with roses, for the trailing branches of the rose-trees, that had come in slips from the abbey garden long ago, had taken kindly to the sunny south shelter, and gone wandering everywhere over the thatch, until they twined at last about the chimney, and made a picture Birket Foster would have come out of his pre-existent heaven to see.

Down a green lane, among tall hedge-rows, off to the right, stood a cottage among the hollens as snug as a throstle's nest. This was tenanted by Mistress Snell, the widow of a former vicar, and her bonnie daughter Bessie. Coming back out of this lane, you saw on the right a place touched with a gaunt, grim sort of grandeur in the eyes of the town-folk. It was called the "Manor House," and was occupied by Master Plessus, then far on toward four-score. He was the local Justice, and had the stocks removed from the church-yard to the open space beyond his garden-wall, to make sure that his sentences were carried out to the letter, as he said. But the truth is, the old fellow had a place somewhere in his nature as sweet as the sunny bite in a peach. This had given him so much misery when he went to look at the poor wretches he had ordered into the stocks, and seen the bad eggs and lumps of turf the vagabonds of the village had brought for their torment and hurled without mercy at them, that he made up his mind he would shield these hapless folk to the best of his

ability, while the strict ends of justice were certainly met. So, he would lean over the wall and talk to them sternly, as they sat in durance, about their cantrips; but if he saw one of their tormentors approach with his hands behind him, he would shout, "Hey thaä! will, will ta', just thee fling that sod if thaä dare, an al ha' thee e' thease stocks befoär tha can saäy Jack Robbinson!" on which they would drop the sod behind them and slouch away.

I wish I could tell this old man's story at some length; but it will not fit my purpose, and he will soon die, so I will merely give you a hint of it. He was the natural son of the wild Robert de Plessitz, who held the Manor of Ilkley before the Middletons, and of course after the de Kymes. His mother, Avice Wright, was the loveliest lass I think that ever filled her pitcher at the town beck. Her miniature, painted for de Plessitz, after the manner of Holbein, by an artist down in York, after she left her home to be married, as she believed, to the scoundrel, is still as sweet a picture as you would wish to see. A fair white brow, shadowed with great masses of hair of the sheen of a ripe chestnut; eyes of a clear gray, with a deep, far-away look in them; a face cut clear in the outline as a gem, with no touch of the overplus of flesh characteristic of a country-bred girl of the Anglo-Saxon type; a mouth which runs into lines of laughter as you look at it, matched by a nose of the slightest possible tilt upward—so slight that you are not sure about it; a chin—well, I think there is where the trouble comes in. I wish, as I look at it, I could make the chin jut out just a little more and assume a firmer line, instead of melting away from dimple to dimple into her white throat. She would not be quite so bonnie, and there might be just as much sorrow in store for her; but it would not hurl the poor maid down into shame. For, as you have guessed, the rascal did not marry her, but let her wander home again, finally, to hide her shame, with

the babe in her arms—that old man now leaning over the wall. The father died when the boy was about sixteen, and in a spasm of death-bed penitence gave the mother the "Manor House," with a large croft and garden, by deed of gift. He also left some money to the boy, as you may see by his will still in existence. And then, for love's sake, the mother said to the boy, "Thaä mun forgive him, ma lad. He wronged me an thee, but he's goan where all wrongs is righted at last." And so, to the end of his life he lived in the old "Manor House;" his name lost its nobility in the mouths of the villagers, and drifted down to "Maister Plessus," and he was the last of the blood in that part of the country, for he never married.

And this, as nearly as I can recall it, is the picture of the ancient town of Ilkley about the date I have written at the head of my chapter, when Camden came to tell us, for the first time, about the fading remnants of its ancient consequence, and lift it into the light of these latter days.

CHAPTER II.

"In St. Nicholas Quare, on the south side of the Parish Church of Ilkley."—*Will of William Middleton, Knight, 1549.*

That was where John Watkinson saw pretty Nannie Wilson, own maid to Madame Maude, of Holling Hall.

The folk from Middleton way were fond of sitting there, because, as they said, it "belanged to t' owd family;" and no doubt that was one reason; but there was another: the old religion was still in the very marrow of their bones.

The Reformation, in the more secluded parts of Craven, was for more than a century mainly a thing of external authority, to which the people conformed under pains and penalties, while they still held on in their secret hearts to the ancient worship. The parsons of the dale seem indeed to have been easy-going fellows, who

took no stock in the travail of the nation, but held fast to their glebes with a steady grip; while a Middleton went to the Castle at York for the old faith, and Norton, of Rylstone, with his sons, to the block. So it was natural that the vicar of our town should give no more trouble than he could help to the lord of the manor and his tenants. There was game in the woods, and salmon in the river; while so strong and steadfast customs grow with time, that as late as the second decade of the present century, a case of wine would find its way now and then from the cellars on the hill to the queer old parsonage in the valley, to the great comfort of good Mr. Holdsworth, the last occupant of that delectable habitation.

And I imagine this must have been especially true in the times I speak of, from the fact that in 1604, when returns were made of those who would not conform to the reformed worship, only three women and one youth are mentioned—members of the families of the Wrights and Hardwicks; though the parish must have swarmed with Roman Catholics; while no mention at all is made in this connection of the Middletons themselves, who were then, what they have always been, staunch Catholics to a man. This, I guess, was the real secret of the popularity of the Middleton Quire on the south side of the old church. The great oaken screen was not taken down until about 1632, when the Puritan element began to assert itself through the Hebers. So, the Quire was a sort of private chapel, where, no doubt, prayers were said of some sort; but whether they were in strict conformity with the prayer-book of her late Gracious Majesty Elizabeth, was quite another thing. And if the rustic conscience was ever troubled at all, Priest Middleton, who was in hiding in the lower parts of Netherdale, and gave the Government no little trouble, could easily slip over the moors and heal the sore, and nobody

be the wiser. So John Watkinson, of the Ling Park farm, sat in the Quire, and said his prayers—or rather, I should say, was getting ready to say them—when Nannie Wilson came in, half an hour before the service, to look at the monuments of Sir Adam and Sir Piers, and then John met his fate.

How curiously these things happen! He had seen the maid many a time before, when she lived with her mother in the cottage where we saw Mistress Snell and her daughter Bessie; but then, she was in some sense a gentleman's daughter, for the Wilsons were "gurt folk" in former days, and so she moved in another sphere. "Her soul was like a star, and dwelt apart," and John Watkinson would as soon have thought of asking one of the Cliffords in Skipton Castle to wed with him as Nannie Wilson.

To tell the truth, he had not thought of wedding at all. His hour had not yet come. There were lasses plenty about the moor side—stout, sturdy, rose-cheeked, full-chested damsels, who could hold their own in milking the cows or sheaving a rig of oats against a man; and some of them were quite willing to be courted—only John was not willing to court.

But for one thing, Nannie that day was in trouble. She had been to look at her mother's grave; and John felt tenderly toward her as he glanced slyly at her black dress first, and then at the fresh-fallen dew which hung like a delicate spray about the long black lashes of her soft blue eyes. I think the tombs of Sir Adam and Sir Piers were only a pretence. She went into the Quire to weep her fill all to herself. Her mother had only left her at Martinmas. The first grass was green on her grave, and that day she had noticed the first daisy; but it was too soon to take this for a sign that God had given her beauty for ashes; and as she had a shrinking fear of being seen by the village-folk shuddering over the mound, she turned away to the one place where she thought she

would be alone. And alone she would have been, if Mally, the servant at the farm, had not got the dinner an hour earlier than usual, and left the men with nothing in the world to do, "to go wee her chap," as one of the hinds said, and be back by milking-time. But if it had been poor Mally who had come into the Quire to "roar," as she very correctly described her way of weeping, John might have felt a touch of pity for her; but it would not have been the pity which is the brooding mother of love. Mally's shape, as this same hind had said, after she had told him to keep his distance, was "like a sac o' grains, with a band raand it." But Nannie, bending over the old monuments, had the slender grace and poise of a lily. And then he knew her story. How it was found, after her mother's death, that there was nothing left for the poor orphan, who must have hired out if Madame Maud had not taken her to do her fine sewing and spinning, and to wait on her until something could be done to start her fairly in the world. Now, John had no idea of the woman he wanted for a wife, or, as I have said, that he wanted one at all. He had been quite content until now with his freedom. But he had the honest instinct of an unworn and unsullied heart, which came instantly into play as Nannie stood there, and compelled him to rise, to come near her, to hold out his hand, with a timid, clumsy thought of saying and doing something to comfort her, while the tears sprang into his own eyes as he said, "Poor lass! I pity thee right agh o't bottom o' me heart. Me own mather lies just beside thine."

This word of pity from a man she merely knew by sight and hearsay as a steady well-to-do farmer's son, touched Nannie to the heart. She looked up quickly, and was instantly able to see what had suddenly come to pass. There was another soul in the world of her own kind, pitifully looking at her, and speaking as no one had

spoken since her mother died. John had brown eyes, of that soft expression, especially when he was deeply moved, that plead as no words can; a strong, fine face, of a ruddy tan, but above the line protected by his hat the skin was fair as that of a woman; while his hair and beard were a shade lighter than his eyes. You could see he was not a stalwart man, but he stood lightly and well on his feet, and there was no slouch about the shoulders bent to the plough. It did not take Nannie so long to see the young fellow as it has taken me to describe him; and she did not hesitate, after a moment, to hold out her hand in return. Then each gave a little sob, which was not so much for sorrow, I think, as for the sweet surprise of finding each other out in this wonderful fashion, old as the first pairing of related souls, and new as that which came about somewhere this morning.

When the prayers were over, John watched for Nannie out beyond the town-end, and saw her home to the old mill near the Hall; and then, as they were parting, the woman did something some of my readers will not like. I know she did not mean it; but her heart was full of what John had said in the Quire, while she felt she was so hedged about with the divinity of her womanhood, that, while he would have given a year of his life for a kiss, he would as easily have asked Venus as she rose in her wonderful beauty out of the sea. So she lifted her face and looked just once into his eyes, put her hand into the man's hand, and then—nobody knows, or ever will know, how John plucked up the courage to do it, but he drew her toward him, and his beard was about her face for an instant. And then, as he went home through the north woods, he stopped a moment to hear a throstle singing his heart out in the great hollen, and, by woodcraft, knew that the mother-bird was brooding in her nest and listening below.

Robert Collyer.

[To be Continued.]

IN LONELINESS.

I WISH the summer were not yet to come,
 But that its blooms and birds and beams were o'er;
 Its days shall all be weighted with such dumb
 Yearnings for that which now may be no more!

How can I see the buttercups, and think
 No thought of that wee birdlike hand and white,
 Plucking their golden largess, while the pink
 Esquisite mouth laughed out its full delight?

And Memory with such willing pity yields
 Her dim, sweet pictures to my dearer distress,
 She shows my darling in deep clover-fields,
 Chasing some butterfly's fleet gaudiness:

She shows her in the cool shade of some tree,
 Babbling her mimic maxims, wise and good,
 Encompassed by her mute doll-family,
 A lovely burlesque upon motherhood:

She shows her in the first fresh hours of morn,
 Tumbling in new-cut grass with laughter loud,
 Or scattering handfuls of the tawny corn
 Among a clucking, quacking, feathered crowd:

She shows me these, and many pictures more,
 Until I shut my spirit's eyes and yearn:
 O that the blooms, the birds, the beams were o'er!
 O that the summer never might return!

Edgar Fawcett.

DIVERSIFIED INDUSTRY AND CIVILIZATION.

WE start out with the propositions, that the civilization of every community is necessarily graduated by its individual and collective power to command the services of nature; that the degree to which industry is diversified among any people affords the surest test of their ability to call the governing forces of matter to their aid; that variety in the pursuits of society is not a condition which originates spontaneously the moment there is room for it, and to the extent that surrounding circumstances will permit, but results either from the pressure of population upon the means of subsistence, or from the stimulus of artificial encouragement; that the economic system known as protection is the unfaltering friend and powerful ally of those cogent instrumentalities which eventuate in the development and welfare of man; and that the policy misnamed free trade constantly antagonizes the advancement of the human race, by interposing obstacles to that differentiation of occupations, without which normal and rapid progress is impossible.

No being is so self-reliant or exalted as he who is master, or so helpless and abject as he who is slave, of the laws which govern matter. The former, building an aqueduct miles in length, compels gravitation to work for him in conveying to his very doors a copious supply of water; or, erecting pumps and applying steam power, employs other principles in lifting and discharging the water into a reservoir, whence gravitation distributes it to every house in a city. Calling to his aid chemistry and mechanical philosophy, he constrains bituminous coal to surrender some of its constituents for his use, and lights his dwelling with the product. Connecting far-distant places by means of iron wires, and attaching ingeniously-devised instruments, he converts electro-magnetism into a faithful errand-boy, to convey his messages thousands of miles in an instant. Every step of his upward progress is marked by in-

creased ability to command the services of nature, and to accomplish desired results with a diminished expenditure of time, trouble, and muscular exertion.

But, remove any man of this class from amid the opulent and growing advantages which gave him such astonishing sway over the material world, and abandon him, solitary and alone, amid the interminable recesses of some vast wilderness, with no more efficient helps than his corporeal resources and his mental faculties, and at once he begins to degenerate into a savage, his movement in that direction being in the exact ratio of his inability to vanquish the obstacles which his new surroundings everywhere oppose to the gratification of his needs. His former strength and supremacy are forthwith substituted by weakness and dependence. Instead of being able to compel nature to do his bidding, he is forced to rely upon her gratuitous supplies. The river upon whose bank he may stand swarms with fish, but, in the absence of hook and line, trap, or any equivalent contrivance, he is powerless to utilize this abundant source of food. Deer and other animals may cross his path, but they are swifter of foot than he, and his lack of all weapons or missiles, excepting stones and sticks, leaves him helpless as a hunter. He sees birds here and there, day after day, but they are beyond his reach, for they can fly, and he at best can only run. Trees meet his eyes in every direction, but, without axe, saw, or other implement, he cannot fell them for the purpose of building an abode, and therefore must content himself with an ephemeral shelter, made of such boughs as he can gather by main strength, or else find temporary refuge from wild beasts and the inclemency of the weather, in chance holes and caves. He may pluck and eat such fruits of the soil as are the spontaneous gifts of nature, or subsist on roots and herbs, with such animal food as his limited means can supply; but beyond that he is the creature,

rather than the controller, of circumstances. Indeed, unless his unaided exertions can succeed in slaying beasts enough to furnish skins for clothing, he may even be reduced to the extremity of nakedness, notwithstanding his previous knowledge of the arts and sciences. This condition exemplifies the consequences of being slave to, instead of master of, the material world. Amid a lavish profusion of natural resources, he is helpless to compel them to administer to his wants, and may even lose his life in his ineffectual struggles to satisfy the fierce cravings of appetite, or to ward off the unrelenting rigors of winter.

But what a vast improvement would at once take place in his condition, should he by any means acquire a gun and ammunition, a chopping-axe, fishing-tackle, and appliances for readily building a fire! In his limited power to command the forces of nature which he has just gained, he perceives the almost complete disappearance of the obstacles which were previously to him insurmountable. His piscatorial exertions and his pursuit of game alike become remunerative in results. He hews out rude material for the construction of a dwelling, which, compared with his former habitation, contrasts as a palace with a hovel. Amid the coldest blasts of the intensest weather, he can sit composedly and comfortably, if not contentedly, on his hearthstone, before a cheerful fire, with his larder sufficiently supplied with smoked venison, acorns, and dried fruits—a crude provision against the contingencies of the season. However uncivilized and unsatisfactory such a life, it would be far in advance of the man's previous mode of existence. Moreover, it truly represents one of the many stages of the human race in its progressive mastery of the elements of the material world, society becoming more and more civilized as it advances further and further in the work of extracting the instruments of subsistence and enjoyment from the multitudinous resources of nature, the superiority of one nation over another consisting, in general, in its greater ability to make the governing forces of matter subservient to its will. Thus, while the savage can scarcely hew a respectable

plank out of the inexhaustible supply of timber with which he is surrounded, the chemist selects from the great storehouse of natural substances such constituents as suit his design, and synthetically produces indigo, or artificially manufactures alizarine—the coloring principle of madder—compelling certain assimilating and constructive properties of his materials to achieve, within a few hours, the result ordinarily attained, in nature's usual laboratory, only at the close of a season of vegetation.

Advancement in the direction of such utilitarian accomplishments, however, proceeds very slowly in every thinly inhabited region; for there man's power of association and combination with his fellows is exceedingly limited. Necessarily there is a sluggishness in the circulation of ideas, attended by a corresponding tardiness of development in the physical arts of life. History teaches that only where the societary movement is vigorous, and the exchange of thoughts and commodities rapid, can we find a high degree of civilization. It is estimated that, in the hunter-state, which marks zero in the scale of man's condition, and indicates the starting-point in his upward career, an area of eight hundred acres is required to supply the subsistence that easily may be obtained from half an acre under cultivation. When, therefore, man depends upon the voluntary contributions of nature in the procurement of food, the average density of population must be less than one person to each square mile; and every excess of births over deaths beyond that proportion would become a positive detriment, were it not that the necessities arising out of a growth in numbers ultimately compel such a community to take an advancing step in the work of utilizing their surroundings, by the domestication of the more useful animals, giving milk and its products, and the natural increase of flocks and herds, as new sources of aliment. Every large augmentation of inhabitants creates urgent wants, which can be satisfied only by achieving a higher mastery over the properties of matter, leading from the nomad or pastoral state to one of fixed settlements, based on

agricultural industry, and thence on through manufactures, the sciences, and the arts, to the noblest embodiments of utilitarian progress and society excellence.

If we want to find the scientific farmer, we must look for him amid a teeming population, and surrounded by a multitudinous development, material, intellectual, moral, and æsthetic; for there alone can he secure those accessories which enable him to repay, promptly and regularly, to the land the vegetative constituents abstracted by the process of tillage—constituents lost permanently to the soil by the butchery of a rude and ignorant cultivation. A perfected agriculture is the tardy product of a long, laborious, and extensive course of observation, experiment, and experience, looking to the use of the forces of nature for practical ends. No other one pursuit calls to its aid such a diversity of knowledge. The whole circle of the sciences and the arts is made tributary to its successful prosecution; yet a country devoted to the production of provisions, breadstuffs, and raw materials, cannot possess, in an advanced state, the sciences and auxiliary arts most essential to its own industry. Thus, chemistry is indispensable to a prosperous agriculture; but who would expect to find that science, in its highest cultivation, in a community merely of farmers and herdsmen? We cannot have a few, isolated, solitary arts, in complete excellence. They are social and gregarious. Each, in order to its success, requires the near and ready assistance of an hundred others. Only a manufacturing people can develop and sustain that diversity of the arts and sciences which culminates in, and is inseparable from, a scientific agriculture. To the same extent that differentiation enters the domain of labor, we may expect to see improvement in the methods and results of tillage.

The history of society, during its ages of movement toward the heights of material and intellectual development and excellence which it now occupies, is the history of a gradual, tedious, painful transition from a state in which employments are few to one in which they are many. Commencing his career as the slave of nature, man makes his home in the wilderness, absorbs

the spontaneous productions of a vast area, relies upon the avails of hunting and fishing for subsistence, and often runs the risk of starving to death amid a lavish profusion of resources which he does not know how to utilize. Advancing from the position of slave to that of master, he vanquishes the forest by the appliances of his knowledge, skill, and procurement, restricts himself to the cultivation of a few acres of land, depends upon impressing into his service known laws of matter to secure an abundance of the necessities and comforts of life, and is constantly able to provide, with the utmost confidence, ease, and certainty, against the contingencies of hunger. Every step of his upward progress is marked by a new division of labor, and followed by a wider expansion of the domain of industry.

It is plain from these premises, that, to complete the development of man's power over the forces of matter, no single kind of labor will suffice, neither agricultural, mechanic, mining, scientific, nor manufacturing. Cultivation of the ground subdues the earth only as regards its vegetative properties, and its highest excellence depends upon assistance rendered by the whole circle of the sciences and arts. Use of the principles involved in the lever, the wheel and the axle, the pulley, the inclined plane, the wedge, and the screw, while preëminently the conquest of mind over matter, commands the services of only one section of the material forces. Delving for ores merely develops for subsequent operations certain products which nature has gratuitously provided in her stupendous laboratory. Systematizing knowledge, although highly promotive of utilitarian results, does little more than set up finger-boards to point out to workers the paths they must follow in accomplishing their task of converting the properties of natural objects into useful and obedient servants. Manufacturing is limited to the arts of reproduction—to changing the condition, shape, arrangement, combination, uses, and values of metallic particles, vegetable fibres, and other raw materials. A widespread association of these integral elements of national development is requisite to advance any people

to a high position among political communities of modern times.

Here all can perceive and understand, not only that diversified industry lies at the base of all normal progress, but why it holds that fundamental position. It is the mighty source of all material growth. The more intelligent, skilled, experienced, productive, prosperous it is, the better for the inhabitants and for the State, and higher and nobler will be the attendant civilization. Hence, the interests of labor and of the laborer should be the chief concern of statemanship; for whatever shackles, cripples, undermines, or prostrates them, is retrogressive in tendency and force, and strongly detrimental to society. Upon the place in the governmental structure assigned to the industrial element, depends the value of the resulting civil and political institutions. Additional to this, a shifting legislation, and feeble or corrupt administration of law, are as destructive to all kinds of industry, as hurricanes, earthquakes, and floods are to crops and buildings. Neglect to legislate for its protection must be quite as disastrous. The rights, interests, and duties of labor, *cannot* be let alone in public enactments. No human ingenuity is equal to the task of framing a code of laws that shall neither help nor harm industry; for it is the great productive power in every community, supplying the resources from which all taxes are to be collected.

For the double purpose of developing human faculties in the direction of their highest endowment, and of dispersing investigation and utility upon the various and multitudinous forces of the material world, it is indispensable that labor be diversified. Agriculture, science, invention, mining, manufactures, the mechanic arts, commerce, aesthetics, are all factors in the solution of one stupendous problem—the universal emancipation of mankind from the thralldom of nature. Their interconnection and interdependence are active and reactive. Whatever reinforces one, reinforces all; whatever is detrimental to one, is detrimental to all. It may be that these reciprocal influences for good or ill are not always at once appreciable, and

are sometimes difficult to trace, nevertheless, our proposition is logically and practically correct. In the work of bringing the forces of matter under the control of man, diversified pursuits march hand in hand, evermore coöperating to produce and hasten the same general attainment. Acting together, they assault nature in her strongholds, and wrest from her possession her most treasured secrets, and explanation of her most occult processes. At every step of this concerted movement, knowledge acquires some new insight into the laws which govern the material world, resulting in augmented ability to use them for practical ends. Thus, so long as science maintained that earth, air, fire, and water, are elementary substances, it was impossible to find out that the rusting of metals, the formation of acids, the burning of inflammable bodies, the breathing of animals, and the growth of plants by night, involve the same operation; or that the diamond embodies, under unlike conditions, the same substance as charcoal or graphite; or that water is composed of two gases, one of which is the great feeder of combustion. What amazing accomplishments have arisen from, and what grand possibilities are presented by, the chemical demonstration that the chief constituents of all organic matter are carbon, oxygen, nitrogen, and hydrogen, three of which are gaseous! So long as astronomers believed that the sun revolved about the earth, an insuperable obstacle existed to the discovery of that beautiful relation of centripetal and centrifugal forces which regulates the movement of bodies belonging to our solar system. What a flood burst upon the darkness of cosmological inquiry, and what hidden paths of investigation were suddenly illuminated, when Newton proved that "every atom, of every body, attracts every other atom, both of its own and of every other body, with a force which varies inversely as the squares of the distances between the attracting and the attracted atom!" So long as the nature of electrical phenomena was a sealed book, the invention of the magnetic telegraph was impracticable. What mighty utilitarian results and civilizing influences have grown out of this

conquest of mind over matter, bringing two continents, although three thousand miles apart, into instant communication, and virtually annihilating space and time! How meagre would be the accomplishments of bleachers and dyers, were it not for the discoveries of chemistry! How could carpenters and masons safely and correctly estimate the strength of timbers, of walls, of arches, but for the investigations which have been made in mechanical philosophy? How would it be possible for workers in metals to produce the wonderful results they do, were it not for the accumulated knowledge about the nature of those substances, and about their relations to both heat and other metals, and the airs and liquids with which they come in contact? The improvements of the steam engine by Watt resulted from the most learned inquiry into mathematical, mechanical, and chemical truths. One of the most useful inventions of late times, the safety-lamp, was the reward of a series of philosophical experiments made by one thoroughly skilled in every branch of chemical science. Indeed, although a man be neither artisan nor farmer, but only one who has a pot to boil, he is indebted to inventive genius, and to discovered principles that govern matter, for power to cook his morsel better, and to both vary his dish and improve it. The art of good and cheap cookery — an art never found separate from a high state of civilization — embodies the application of natural laws, which would neither have been brought to light nor devoted to practical purposes by a community of hunters, or of shepherds, or of farmers. Among such peoples, little exists to stimulate observation and arouse inquiry as regards the secret workings of nature. But diversified industry is everywhere seen to be the fruitful parent of utilitarian investigations, philosophical experiments, scientific discoveries, mechanical development, inventive ingenuity, and serviceable improvements. Its peculiar province is to enlarge the sphere of mental activity, creating a demand for, and calling into exercise, the latent powers of intellect; to make men more skilful, expert, and useful in the various kinds of work by which

they are to earn their bread; and to supply those cogent instrumentalities by which they are enabled to make it go far, and taste well, when earned.

Where shall we look for governmental action that operates in the same general direction, unless to protective legislation? Under its fostering influences, variety immediately enters the domain of employment. Surrounding nature begins forthwith to be made more and more the servant of man. From year to year the work of utilizing the material forces advances and intensifies. The condition of the individual citizen is bettered, and the body politic partakes of that well-being; for, inasmuch as society is composed of individuals, the welfare and development of the entity is the summation of the welfare and development of the integers.

To oppose and neutralize the whole array of such facts, we have nothing more formidable than the fallacious postulates and extravagant sophisms of free-trade logic. Mankind do not want utopian schemes, founded on imaginary conditions, and aiming at millennial perfection. Cosmopolitan communists, secluded from the world, and seated at their solitary desks, brooding over their fancies, with preconceived notions of the laws of trade and the reciprocal duties of nations, are not men likely to excogitate systems adapted to the multiplication of human enjoyments, and the mitigation of human sufferings. Theories, however plausible and cogent, cannot overthrow the teachings of history; and it is the universal testimony of experience, that a diversity of the arts of reproduction never yet flourished in any community without encouragement and protection. The notion that manufactures—those fruitful parents of a varied industry, and hence of an advancing civilization—will spring up spontaneously in a country so soon as it is adapted to them, is as preposterous as to expect plants to yield a copious crop without culture, or all youth, without exception, to betake themselves to some useful calling, at a suitable age, on their own motion, without stimulus or incentive. No solitary pursuit can be instantaneously introduced into a community, in perfection, and carried

on successfully, in competition, on equal terms, with a rival surrounded by all the arts and auxiliary trades. It required thirty years in England to introduce the power-loom so as fully to suppress and substitute the hand-loom in large manufacturing establishments. Says a competent authority: "Attempts to make cast steel in the United States have been continued for more than thirty-four years, but with so little success, that, until within the last nine or ten years, it was believed that we should be always compelled to depend upon foreign mines and labor for this indispensable material for tools and machinery."

Moreover, there is among the various arts and sciences a common affinity. They are in many ways connected together—interlaced and reciprocally dependent. They must flourish side by side, for they cannot prosper asunder. An industry will be better and more promptly supplied with needed tools and machinery from shops near by than from others three thousand miles distant. The blacksmith, the shoemaker, the tinner, the hatter, the carpenter, the watchmaker, the miller, the farmer, the gardener, the schoolmaster, thrive best and most when in close proximity. Their associated and combined efforts constitute that unity wherein lies strength. If the action of government, call it by what name you will, is applied to quicken, intensify, and expand this sort of industrial development, we at once have an additional force, artificial though it be, moving in a desirable direction, and proceeding parallel with man's ability to call to his aid the forces of nature, making them obedient servants of his will, and transforming his toil into ease of performance. Just as the savage will continue to seek a precarious subsistence in the resources of the chase, until increase in numbers drives him to the domestication of animals, and to the gathering of flocks and herds, so his civilized brother needs to be urged forward and upward to nobler elevations of excellence, through more comprehensive achievements.

Free trade, however, operates to erect barriers in the way of this progress; for it tends constantly to diminish the existing diversity of employments which protection

establishes, and to concentrate material development in a few pursuits. Assuming that the whole world is one community, to all intents and purposes, in respect to trade and industry, and that low price, whether in money or barter, is the best economic policy, free trade sets in motion a series of causes which interposes wide distances between producer and consumer, disperses population over vast areas, and diminishes the power of association and combination. Under these circumstances, dependence usurps the place of self-reliance; the tax of transportation to a distant market leaves a meagre reward for the home-laborer; land accumulates more and more in the hands of the few; and the growing tendency is to make the rich, richer; the poor, poorer. A slovenly and prodigal agriculture comes into vogue; fertile farms degenerate into impoverished fields; there is a progressive decrease in the quantity and quality of staple crops; and financial disturbances and distresses are more easily precipitated and more widely felt. Popular education languishes. With the diminution in the rapid circulation of ideas and commodities, a lull takes place in the activity of mind, whose faculties lose much of their force and usefulness from lack of proper exercise. Knowledge and skill in the higher and more difficult arts and sciences, such as can be acquired and maintained only by a manufacturing people, gradually disappear from the community, where they no longer find remunerative employment. A decline follows in the physical comforts of life; architecture is no longer generally imbued with the spirit of aesthetics; inventive talent loses its stimulus; literature ceases to be active and prosperous; and the resistance which the material forces oppose to the gratification of man's proper desires grows and intensifies. Such is a partial view of the results of reducing to practice the theories, sublimated metaphysics, and abstractions of the British school of political economists. The pages of history swarm with illustrative examples. Even now, Turkey is slowly perishing out of the list of nations, under the operation of the free-trade policy, long in vogue in that country.

To sum up the whole: We should say that it is the aim of the free-trade philosophy to supply the wants and regulate the exchanges of purely imaginary communities, purified from the vices, villainies, propensities, and ills which vex ordinary humanity—purged of mercenary tradesmen, gainful arts, and counterfeit honesty—freed of greediness in getting and tenacity in keeping, whether it be wealth or authority—devoid of withering competition, down-trodden laborers, and hunger-pinched wretchedness. On the contrary, it is the aim of the protective philosophy to provide man with what he requires while he continues to be man, recognizing the facts, that individual selfishness predominates over individual benevolence; that the strong, unless restrained, will not respect the rights of the weak; that he who plants a sugar estate, dykes a rice plantation, sows a field, erects a factory, or constructs a ship, needs the firm basis of the laws and institutions of his country to depend upon, as much as he who builds a house needs a solid foundation; that the great elementary object of organizing government, and of conducting legislation under its constitution or form, is to protect property, foster useful industry, and promote the general welfare; and that nations often may, and do, have interests as antagonistic as those of persons, making it necessary to provide for the defence of the one against the cupidity,

competition, or encroachment of the other, manifested either in positive forms or through indirection.

Some people may think the object of the free-trade philosophy is a lofty object, but they cannot answer the fact that it is unattainable amid the existing conditions of the human race; while the object of the protective philosophy, whether considered as a high or low object, has been signally successful, and is opulent with practical fruits. Wherever it has been attempted to reduce the former philosophy to practice, it has depressed the surrounding civilization, and wrought out the most ruinous consequences; but, wherever the latter philosophy has been adopted as an economic policy, civilization has advanced, and a vigorous prosperity been established. Amid such a profusion of historic and present facts, exhibiting the respective effects of the two opposing systems—one the badge of the barbaric, the other the insignia of the civilized, man—no person, unless in a state of mental insolvency, or blinded by urgent self-interest at war with the general good, can hesitate to decide whether it is his duty to support the principles of protection or the principles of free-trade, the choice being, in reality, between the diversification of industry and its opposite—between growing or declining power to command the services of the forces of nature.

D. H. Mason.

THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

IT was near Christmas in 1864. Sherman had fought his way, inch by inch, into the very heart of the Confederacy. Atlanta was already in his possession. The Confederate forces under Hood were totally unable to stay his progress. The Rebel commander conceived the idea of accomplishing by stratagem what he and his predecessor had so signally failed to effect by force. Leaving Sherman at Atlanta, he suddenly turned the head of his columns north, crossed the Chattahoochie, and marched rapidly towards Tennessee.

He had doubtless calculated that by threatening the railroad communication between Chattanooga and Atlanta, and striking out boldly towards the north, he would draw Sherman after him, as there was no Federal army in that direction that could successfully oppose his passage. At the commencement, it seemed as if his design would be accomplished. Sherman, with the greater part of his army, was soon in hot pursuit; but, failing to bring the Rebel general to an engagement, he detached two small corps from his main body to

watch and retard, as far as possible, the progress of Hood, and then turned back to Atlanta, and prepared to carry out his previous design of abandoning his communications with the north, and marching across to the sea.

Hood's movements were now much less hurried than when Sherman was endeavoring to force him to battle. He passed leisurely through a portion of Alabama — where he received a considerable reinforcement — into Tennessee, crossing the Tennessee River on the 17th of November, 1864. Schofield, who was in immediate command of the two corps which had been sent to oppose his progress, was posted at Pulaski; but upon the approach of the Confederate army, he retired to Columbia, and soon afterwards crossed Duck River, destroyed the bridge, and took up a position upon the north side of the river, opposite the town.

Hood soon made his appearance upon the south side of the river, and, planting his batteries, commenced a sharp cannonade, which was replied to with vigor. Several days were spent in skirmishing across the river, and works were thrown up in several places by the Federal forces to oppose his passage. The demonstrations made at this time by Hood were evidently feints to cover his real design; as it was soon discovered that his main force had crossed the river several miles higher up, and that his advance was already hurrying on towards Spring Hill to intercept Schofield's retreat upon Nashville.

The Twenty-third Corps was immediately sent forward to protect the trains, and keep the road open to Franklin; but at Spring Hill a Rebel division was encountered, which seemed disposed to dispute its farther progress. The situation was easily understood. If the Rebel force was not dislodged, and the road opened, Schofield's whole army was inevitably lost. There was no other avenue of escape from the overwhelming numbers of Hood's army but along that road to Franklin, and thence to Nashville. The rest of the Rebel army was but a few miles behind, and no time was to be lost. Stanley, who commanded the Twenty-third, was not one who would

be apt to make a mistake in such an emergency, and, without hesitation, he gave the order to advance upon the enemy's lines. The contest was short, bloody, and decisive. One hundred and seventy five Rebels lay dead upon the field, and the rest were scattered as leaves before the storm. The road was open to Franklin. This was upon the 29th of November, 1864. Schofield was yet at Duck River with the Fourth Corps, exchanging shots across the river with a battery or two which Hood had left there to keep up the impression that he designed forcing a passage at that place.

After dark, however, the Fourth Corps silently abandoned its position at Duck River, and took up its line of march for Spring Hill. When within a few miles of this place, the camp-fires of the Rebel army were distinctly seen stretching far along a road nearly parallel with the one occupied by the National troops, and the Rebel pickets were several times encountered during the night. By two o'clock in the morning the whole corps, with all the heavy army-trains, which extended for several miles along the road, had passed safely by the Rebel camp, and, by daylight, were well on their way towards Franklin.

Hood's grand opportunity was irretrievably lost. The night had been dark, and the roads were muddy, and completely occupied with heavy wagons loaded with munitions and baggage; and the regiments, by marching in the dark among and around these trains, had fallen into the utmost confusion. An attack, made by Hood whilst passing by his camp, must have proved fatal to the whole corps. Resistance would have been impossible. But as soon as daylight made its appearance, the scattered regiments were gathered together, and the last companies and individuals were not slow in regaining their proper places, and the army moved on in perfect order towards Franklin.

Hood had discovered his mistake, and he found that others were aware of it as well as himself. Nothing but a brilliant victory, and the capture of Schofield's army, could shield him from censure and degradation; and his subsequent efforts were desperate attempts to save himself

from the obloquy which he knew full well he deserved.

The Twenty-third Corps had been sent forward to Franklin on the morning of the 30th, and had thrown up a line of entrenchments across a bend of the Harpeth River, at that place. As both ends of the line rested upon the river—which was then swollen by recent rains to such an extent that it was not fordable—the position was well calculated for defence. The wagon-trains had been hurried through the fortified line, and were crossing the bridge in its rear. The Fourth Corps reached the entrenchments about three o'clock in the afternoon, and were, for the most part, assigned to positions, together with the Twenty-third Corps, upon the main lines—though a few regiments were sent to the north side of the river, and placed in position immediately west of Fort Granger, which occupied a commanding position on the bluff of the river, somewhat east of the town.

Two brigades occupied an advanced position in front of the main line, and one brigade was held in reserve. The whole Federal force scarcely amounted to sixteen thousand men, whilst nothing but a frail line of entrenchments separated them from Hood's army, numbering at least sixty thousand. Behind them were the swollen waters of Harpeth River, spanned only by one narrow bridge, which was still crowded with the passing trains. Defeat in the coming conflict could be nothing less than annihilation. The little band, however, who manned the lines had been trained for their work in no ordinary school. They had been with Sherman amidst the fire and smoke and carnage of Chattanooga; they had seen Johnston forced to yield one stronghold after another, from Dalton to Atlanta; and had participated in the fierce battles fought by Hood, who had superseded Johnston in the command of the Rebel forces, and who made desperate efforts to redeem the prestige of the Rebel arms, and drive the Federal forces from their persistent grasp upon Atlanta. Their very battle-flags were ominous. "Missionary Ridge," "Lookout Mountain," "Alatoona Pass," "Resaca," and "Atlanta," as the inscriptions read, told plainly what

might be expected, in the future, from those who were entitled to inscribe such names upon their banners. Hood's former experience had taught him fully what material he had to deal with; but, with his immense superiority in numbers, he was confident of his ability to annihilate the little band which had presumed to obstruct his march to Nashville. He determined to carry the works by storm, and lost no time before attempting to execute his design. Massing his troops, they advanced to the attack with great impetuosity. The immense weight of the attacking columns was at first irresistible. The advanced brigades were forced back in confusion upon the main entrenchments. The Rebels, following closely, and falling upon the main line with great force, it, too, gave way, and, for a moment, the day seemed to be lost. At this moment, when consternation and dismay were seizing upon the bravest hearts, the reserve, under Opdyke, with fixed bayonets, plunged headlong into the thickest of the fight. This counter-charge of the reserve brigade was irresistible. The Confederate band—which had so successfully hurled back the advance, stormed the main line, broken through its centre, and was now marking its pathway with blood—was struck as by a thunderbolt. Opdyke's advancing lines of steel were merciless. Horse and rider and musketeer went down before them, and nothing checked for a moment their onward course, until a wild cry for "quarter" came from the shattered and bleeding Rebel mass, which only gained a respite from instant death by an unconditional surrender.

The prisoners were immediately sent to the rear, and the victorious brigade closed the breach in the Federal lines, and restored the confidence to the whole army. The attack along the whole line was still actively maintained; but ten thousand muskets steadily belching forth their death-dealing missiles soon caused the Rebel lines to waver, and finally to retire in confusion beyond the reach of the Federal musketry. The wild yell which accompanied the Rebel charge, and which had been persistently kept up until the retreat

began, was now hushed; and a triumphant shout rang out loud and long from one end of the Federal lines to the other, which echoed and re-echoed along the distant mountain-sides, and finally died away, as the discomfited assailants disappeared in the distance. The ground in front of the Federal position was covered with the dead and dying. The silence which succeeded was painful and ominous. Hood was rallying his forces for another attack. Night came down with her sombre mantle, and shrouded the earth in darkness, adding to the gloom of this sad, mournful scene. The regiments posted on the other side of the river, near Fort Granger, looked down from their commanding position upon the battle-field, and waited with intense interest the result of the succeeding conflicts. From out of the darkness which had now gathered over the combatants rose another yell, at first faintly heard in the distance, but swelling rapidly in volume as it approached, which was at once understood to herald another advance of the Rebel forces. The cannon from the Federal batteries opened upon the advancing columns; but their fire seemed to be spiritless—as if they had little interest in the coming contest—it being evident to every one that the infantry must be principally relied upon in this emergency. After a short interval, a terrific fire from the Federal ramparts admonished the advancing Rebels that their foes were ready to receive them. Sheets of flame ran furiously along the Federal lines, whilst the flashes from the Confederate ranks seemed to be scattered irregularly throughout the advancing forces, and the sharp reports from the muskets of both parties mingled strangely with the unearthly yells of the assailants.

The Rebels were again and again repulsed; and as the tumultuous uproar of battle each time subsided, and the Rebel war-cry ceased, a glad shout of triumph from the Federal lines told the result. The last charge was made about ten o'clock at night; but it was weak and spiritless compared with those made earlier in the day; and after it had been beaten back, it soon became evident that, for that night, the contest was ended. Hood's forces had been decimated. Thirteen Rebel generals had been killed, wounded or captured, and the *morale* of his army had been greatly damaged. Hood, however, still had a large force under his command; and although, with the experience gained in the battle of Franklin, it was not probable that he would again attempt to storm Schofield's fortified position, still, as soon as he could cross the Harpeth, above or below Franklin, the Federal forces would be in great danger of being cut off from Nashville. To prevent such a catastrophe, the latter immediately made preparations for crossing the river and continuing their retreat. The artillery, and such wagons as had been left on the south side of the river, were quietly crossed over the bridge, and the troops, withdrawn from the lines, followed; whilst Fort Granger was rapidly dismantled, the few stores which it contained destroyed, and, about half-past two o'clock in the morning, the bridge was blown up, when a couple of batteries which had been placed upon a commanding eminence on the north side of the river, sent a storm of shot and shell across the stream for a quarter of an hour or more, as a parting salute, which, however, was returned only by the echoing hills. Our batteries, then limbering up their guns, took up their line of march for Nashville.

Homer Judd.

WANDERING IN SAXONY AND SILESIA.

"HOW is it?" I asked, this last summer, of a stationer in Dresden, "that one cannot find a map of Silesia in the whole city?"

"Reason enough," was his reply. "Nobody wants such a map, because nobody who can help it ever goes to Silesia. It is a God-forsaken country."

"You will find one at Prague, but hardly before," said a gentleman near me.

So I started for a country about which I knew little else save that it owed to a town containing a miraculous spring, called *Warmbrunn*, whose patron-saint was John the Baptist. To be sure, the leather-girdled forerunner's birth-day had occurred on the 24th of June, and the sick folk who were cured by bathing in the blessed water on that holy day were mostly gone; but, trusting that there might still be virtue left for a single invalid—even though no angel had since troubled the waters—I took bearings accordingly for the land of the Teutonic philosopher, Jacob Böhme.

On my route I stopped at Zwickau. I had had a great curiosity to see the locality of the *Prinzenraub*—that charming Saxon tale told by Thomas Carlyle in the "Westminster Review" many years ago—to walk under the Princes' Oak, measure the walled-up castle window, explore the cave where Ernst was hidden, and touch the homely gaberdine of the grimed *Köhler* which still hangs in the church at Ebersdorf.

There needs no long research to discover that *Prinzenraub* is a household word at Zwickau. You see everywhere engravings of the *Prinzenhöhle*, and the waiters tell you that the *Triller* is not half an hour's walk. The road, rising from the village, brings you shortly in sight of a huge bright-red brick building, which now occupies the land which the Electress Margaret, in the joy of her heart at the restoration of her sons, gave in 1455 to the man who had saved the younger. Times are changed, and where the sinewy *Köhler* tilled his field and reared his family, now

stands a brewery. The genius of trade has taken possession, and finds in the patriotic sentiment a handsome source of profit.

"For," said the *Braumeister*, after calling my attention to the motto over the main entrance,

"*Dulcius ex ipso fonte bibuntur aque*,"

"the four hundredth anniversary in '55 made this place. So earnestly did the people enter into the spirit of the celebration"—and a merry twinkle gleamed in the *Braumeister's* eye as he told it—"that they actually drank a hundred eimers of beer. There they are: look at them," he added, pointing to an engraving of the procession hanging before him.

While I was listening to the Beer-master a young man entered the room, and, approaching me, said:

"Eshmale Eng-lish schpeak!" meaning,

"I speak English a little."

I replied that I was rejoiced to find a person who could converse with me in my native tongue, when he rejoined:

"Never heretofore here citizen United States was of. If you pleasure in *Prinzenraub* find, so is glad to me."

We were friends in a moment. He led me to the Counting-House and showed me the bust of Herr Ebert, the proprietor, just deceased, saying:

"We very, very sorry. Every man him love. Ah, he good so was!"

Then, running up stairs to a large white-washed apartment, where a few portraits hung on the walls, he cried:

"Here is something to see! But wait—you will have a tigger?"

"With pleasure," I answered, "if it is good to drink."

"No, not drink," he replied. "What you call him?—to smoke!"

I could not forbear a burst of laughter, as I declined the offer:

"O, you mean a cigar? I never smoke."

"What you call him?" he exclaimed; "'cigar!' Then what for is a teacher like mine?"

What with fluent German and broken English, the young man worked himself into enthusiasm, as he showed me not only the antiquities of the *Prinseuraub*, but the view from the old church tower. The prospect was wide and fine. Rows of poplars lined every road; green meadows bordered on both sides the gleaming curves of the river Mulda; hoary traditions of the adventures of the Princess Schwaunhildis were connected with many objects seen in the wide spread view; and dreamy tales of Wends and their fire-gods gave romance to the fir-forests which darkened the long swells of the Erzgebirge. The church itself dates back to the eleventh century. Luther and Melancthon lived here. Napoleon once spent a night in the little village; and the battle-ground where the Zwickauers—men and women together—overcame the Sclavic army in 1523, is pointed out.

At the inn—*Gasthaus zum Ross*—I got a glimpse of Saxon village life, and a taste of Saxon beverages and viands. There were scores of miners, each with his short leathern hinder apron, sitting around small oak tables, drinking beer from pewter mugs. A sprightly girl bustled about with alacrity to answer calls and take pay. Three men of more dignified appearance—the Inspector, Doctor, and Actuary of the town—were playing cards upon a dais in one corner. Six wagoners, just arrived, pulled off their boots, and, throwing down bundles of straw, stretched themselves to rest. There was a continued rapping of tankard-lids for beer. "*Einfach, weiss lager!*" were shouted from the tables; and to each call came the ready answer of the serving girl: "*Gleich, gleich!*"

When called to supper, I found a greater choice of beer than viands, four kinds of the one flanking the table, which was neatly enough set, and omelette, and *klöse*—a dumpling made of potatoes and flour, the standing-dish of Saxony—the only food.

"If I had only known!" said the girl; But she did not know, and so I made my meal of what forms the perpetual potato diet of the Saxon peasantry, and paying my bill started off for the train.

It is said that every province in Prussia

has its peculiar people: that Pomeranians are stubborn; Rhinelanders, upright; Saxons, witty; Westphalians, stupid; and Bavarians, deaf. I know not how correct the appellation in regard to the other provinces may be, but if a story I heard from a fellow-traveller about old King Ludwig be true, the Bavarians get their characteristic very naturally. It seems the old man *was* deaf, though he would not allow people to speak in a loud voice to him, nor close to his ear. At a concert he went up to a young lady, and, after the usual presentation, asked:

"Do you speak German?"

"Yes, your Majesty," was the lady's reply.

"Are you married?" he continued.

"I am not," she replied.

"Have you any children?" he went on, not having heard the first answer.

"No!" exclaimed the lady, this time loud enough for the word to catch the royal ear.

But in German, and especially in South German, the word *no* and the word *nine* are pronounced alike: and the King interpreted the lady's answer as being numeral instead of negative.

"Nine children!" he replied; "too many—too many!"

Our train got crippled half a mile from Prague, so I took my valise and walked towards the old city. The street, running parallel to the railway, was alive with vehicles, dog-carts, goat-carts and donkey-carts, all laden with milk, and bound for market. They are driven by peasant-girls, barefooted, each of whom, however, sits down on the bank, and showing a sturdy ankle and clean white leg, puts on stockings and shoes before entering town. The great walls frown before you, the odd towers of Strahow Monastery peer above vine-slopes on the right; and obelisks and spires, domes and minarets, arcades and bridges, palaces and gabled mansions, churches and monuments, the *Kleinste* on one side of the swift-flowing river, and the *Altstadt* on the other, and above all the rest, springing from the very mountain-tops, the imposing mass of the Hradschin, almost bewilder you with variety.

I passed, unchallenged, under the arched gateway, and was making my way down the street, when I heard shouts behind. Turning, I saw a soldier beckoning my return with impatient gestures, who, as I came near, cried out, "Why did you not give me your passport?"

"Why did you not ask for it?" I answered. He made no reply, but handing me an official receipt, civilly enough dismissed me.

It is a weird old town of mediæval days, this Prague, and better repays a visit to the thoughtful traveller than any city in Europe. Massive edifices arrest attention on all sides. Gabled shops, panelled fronts, quaint doorways, oaken staircases, carved balustrades, and heavy cornices, meet you in blind courts and narrow lanes. The architecture is all ornamented, and gives now and then wonderful bits of perspective. There are squares, and obelisks, and arcades; there are the heavy doors of the churches, through which, as they swing, come the loud notes of the organ; there are the graceful roofs and slender finials; the crescent corners and bustling shops; the gigantic statues and Hussite monuments; and there is the grand sixteen-arched bridge, under which, for six hundred years, the broad Moldau has flowed with noisy turbulence. Since I first landed, three and twenty years ago, among the Flemish market-women, under the lace-like tracings of the Antwerp Cathedral, I have felt nowhere such varied emotions of pleasure as I experienced during this morning-tramp through Prague to the *Hof Blanc Stern* (Hotel Blue Star), to find lodgings.

"Quite full," said the *Kellner*, at the same time surveying me inquisitively from head to foot.

Two doors off was another inn, where the answer, accompanied by a similar inquisition, was: "We have no empty rooms."

A third replied: "Perhaps we can oblige you to-morrow."

I began to fancy that my dusty boots and unshaven face had something to do with these denials; but the *Schwarzes Ross* resolved my doubts and gave me comfortable quarters.

Among Jews and Germans, Russian furriers and Greek corn-merchants, one sees plainly enough that Prague is the same rendezvous of the Czechs to-day, that it was in the days of King George Podiebrad. *Praha*, they called it then, and call it still. Names and handbills in Czechish everywhere appear; the shrewish talk of Czech women is heard in the market-place; and the fine intellectual brows and handsome features of the race are seen in the streets. Sit down upon the rough coping of some buttress, and look far off at the Moldau breaking from the hills, and flowing in grand curves between palaces and towers, stately churches and groveling hamlets, and you recall remote days when the Czechs left their far-away home towards the sunrise, and wandered westward till their leader, looking down from the hills upon these green islands and folding meadows, vowed that here should be the seat of his empire.

Prague is the place where Czar Nicholas used to advise suspected foreigners visiting St. Petersburg to go. Lamartine had been stopping in the latter place a fortnight, going about everywhere, and observing everything, when one morning a police officer entered his room, and asked if it were Monsieur Lamartine to whom he had the honor of speaking.

"That is my name, Monsieur," answered the poet.

"Then I beg to inform you, Monsieur, that His Majesty, Emperor of all the Russias, having learned that you are in the habit of transmitting your own peculiar views regarding the administration of affairs in this country to Paris, charges me to say to you, that, in His Majesty's opinion, it would both be easier and safer for you to send your letters from Prague, or even to convey them to Paris yourself. Here is your passport. At six this evening a carriage will be at the door, and you will please be ready to accompany me."

Of course, there was nothing to be done but obey. Lamartine replied, therefore, that "he was profoundly grateful to the Emperor for anticipating his wishes; that he was on the point of leaving St. Petersburg the next day; that he had delayed

his departure in the hope only of seeing His Majesty on parade; and that it would be his life-long regret to have visited Russia, and have failed to see her sovereign."

"Perhaps that can be avoided, Monsieur, even now," replied the officer. "If you will kindly put yourself in readiness to start on your journey, I will see."

Lamartine repaired to his room and made his preparation. In half an hour a military tap was heard at the door, and the police officer entered. Making the usual salute, he said:

"Pardon me, Monsieur, for the trouble I have given you. Our carriage cannot be ready before to-morrow morning. I will have the honor, at that hour, to drive you on parade, where you can see the Czar, and we will then proceed on our journey."

The carriage was ready at the hour, and Lamartine's luggage being disposed upon it, the two, escorted by a Cossack, drove through the city, and were permitted, unchallenged by sentinels, to occupy a position near Nicholas, during a grand review. This ended, the four horses, harnessed abreast, started off for the frontier. Arrived, after repeated relays, at the boundary line of the great empire, the officer caused the carriage to draw up at a military station, and assisting the Frenchman to alight, said:

"This is the Austrian barrier, Monsieur. His Majesty, with all good wishes, has no power to tender you further safe conduct. The Emperor of Austria will furnish you means for the rest of your journey. Good-morning, Monsieur."

Lamartine arrived safely at Prague, remarking to his friends afterwards, that, in face of such constant civilities, it was impossible not to accept the inevitable gracefully.

After two days spent in Prague, I went to the *Polizeidirection* to reclaim my passport. A dozen persons, or more, were waiting. It reminded me—both the room and the chief—of our great War Secretary's reception-room in 1863. There were plain talk, rapid answers, and unrelenting decisions. When my turn came, the officer asked, "Where are you going?"

"To the Riesengebirge."

"That 's well enough; but we can't give a passport for the mountains. You must say where."

"Make it Laudeschut, if you will; or any frontier town in Silesia."

"We can't do that. Name some town on this side of the mountains."

"I do n't yet know," I replied, "which of the routes I shall take. Say some town nearest the mountains. Does it make any difference?"

"*Schön!* You can come back when your mind is made up."

Two hours later, my passport having been authenticated, and our train well on its way, we were suddenly stopped, and two soldiers, one guarding the door, and the other asking for our passports, appeared. The *visé* of each passenger examined, we resumed our journey. Past fruitful slopes covered with fruit trees, past poppy fields containing scores of acres, past bends in the river, hills cradling into sleepy glens, overhanging crags crushed by masonry, and precipices buttressed into pathways over crevasses and gorges, the train sped on in the summer afternoon towards the huge cone where the Mittelgebirge, two thousand seven hundred feet in height, with peaks and spurs like pashaws waiting on their sovereign, looks down on the fields which the Elbe fertilizes into pastures for innumerable flocks, and meadows of immeasurable grain.

Warmbrunn is near, and here, in the little town of scarcely 6,000 souls, where during nine months of the year the people weave and bleach and polish and carve, stand ready during the days of summer, at every arrival of the train, hundreds of hosts to bid you welcome. Every house has its lodgings. Every other house is a hotel. Signs are above every door. There is a welcome at every courtway; porters to convey your luggage, boys to direct you, flies to drive you to the outskirts, civil policemen to interpret your stammering speech, the Mayor of the town, in his magistrate's box at the end of the station, to correct misunderstandings, and a squad of soldiers in the street to enforce right for the strangers. It is, this Warmbrunn, over all the globe, the Paradise of travellers.

The landlord of the *Hôtel de Prusse*, who waits your dressing-time next morning, tells you the history of the Springs. Hunting one day, the Duke Boleslaw, eight hundred years ago, tracked a wounded deer to the *Warmbrunn*, as it plunged into the Spring and was healed. Wounded himself, he tried it too. The result was a cure. It was on St. John the Baptist's day. And since 1387, when another good Duke—*Stemfather*, as they call him—built the walk and made the path and opened the gardens and established the library and founded the hospital, with twenty-four beds for poor folk who cannot pay, the blessed water has sent away thousands of sick folk thoroughly restored.

There are ten springs in *Warmbrunn*. The water, at the temperature of about one hundred degrees Fahrenheit, bursts up clear and sparkling from fissures in a coarse-grained, flesh-red granite, and in saline and alkaline constituents is very powerful. In taste it seems strongly sulphurous. It is efficacious in cases of gout, contractions, skin-diseases, and functional complaints; in some instances with extraordinary results. I heard of patients so crippled and crooked that they could neither stand nor walk, sit nor lie, and had to be lifted into and out of the bath, who, in the course of two months, were perfectly restored.

It was in this neighborhood that Jacob Böhme, already alluded to, was born nearly three hundred years ago, and who, from an illiterate herd-boy, became the most voluminous writer of his age. He was a mystic; had a large following; became a correspondent of the great men of the day, Sir Isaac Newton among the number; proposed questions about the universe that puzzled all the philosophers of Europe, and had the honor of seeing his works translated into French and English. His apothegms have all the homeliness of John Bunyan's; and like his, are pregnant with sententious brevity. Our landlord showed me an old family Bible, in which, under date of 1621, and over his own signature, Böhme had written the following distich:

*Wem Zeit ist wie Ewigkeit,
Und Ewigkeit wie die Zeit,
Der ist befreit von allem Streit,*

which loses all its vigor and beauty when translated into English:

"To whom time is as eternity,
And eternity is as time,
He is freed from all strife."

The company here, though mostly German, is mixed, from the Breslauers, who have a low Dutch twang and say *cha* for *ja*, to the Berliners who give to their *g* the sound of *y*, as if, in English, they should say *yoose* for *goose*, *yobble* for *gobble*, and the like.

I took a morning walk with a citizen of Dresden, who made continual fun of three Berlin lodgers at our house. "You may know a Berlin cockney instantly," he remarked, "by the exalted superlatives he uses in conversation. When you hear '*gigantic, incomprehensibly beautiful, ravishingly excellent*' coming from a man's lips—setting his hat, as we say, on the topmost peg—put him down as a Prussian cockney."

We passed through a little mountain village, where the *schneekoppe* was seen peeping over a dark ridge. The people were all weavers. I asked one of them if he earned two dollars a week.

"*Gott bewahr!*" he exclaimed, opening his eyes and holding up his hands, apparently in utter amazement, "that would be too gladsome (*frölich*). No; I can be thankful for one dollar."

Content with one German thaler a week! It means simply a perpetual fare on rye-bread and potatoes!

All over Saxony and Silesia, as a rule, the peasantry eat no more meat than the cotters of Ireland—potatoes, vegetable soups, and dumplings, constituting the chief food for dinner and supper. The same is true in a great degree with the middle-class folk, the tradesmen and mechanics, professional people in the rural districts, and the small Government officials—they live as hard and scantily as our very poor. The quantity of animal food consumed in one mechanic journeyman's family in the United States, in a single day, would be considered in Germany sufficient for a week. It is the custom, even of the better-to-do people, to taste beef or mutton twice

or thrice a week only; and many a burgher eats it only on Sunday.

German soups are rarely made of meat. *Beer-soup*, compounded of beer, eggs, sugar and milk; *hip-and-haw-soup*, made of berries and bread; *green-corn-soup*, *pea-soup*, *cabbage-soup*, *milk-soup*, *oat-soup*, *fruit-soup*, and the like, have no particle of meat in their compounds. These soups constitute the main mid-day diet, not alone of the working-class of Saxony and Silesia, but of many of the tradesmen, master-handicraftsmen and gentry. Potatoes are added, and prunes and bread and herrings, but scarcely meat, unless on a Sunday or a holiday.

Although drunkenness is uncommon in these provinces, there is, nevertheless, universal beer-drinking. I say universal, because not only is beer drunk in houses and inns at every meal, in public gardens every afternoon and evening, at balls and parties, by both sexes and by children, no matter what their rank, by priests and clergymen, and by convalescents at the Springs, as well as laborers in the fields, but at the famous religious community of Hernhutt, founded more than one hundred and fifty years ago by Count Zinzendorf, we saw some of the brothers enjoying themselves over tankards of foaming ale at a wayside tavern. Beer is, in fact, the beverage of the country.

Besides *schnapps*, a spirit made from potatoes, and consumed mainly by out-of-door laboring people, there is but small consumption of spirituous liquors. Hungarian wine is common upon the tables of the gentry, but none other. Indeed, all through Silesia and Saxony, the German nobles rank in their style of living more with our well-to-do farmers, than with the country squires of England or the gentlemen of American cities, and have as little concern about the elegancies of life as have the hard-working settlers of Iowa or Minnesota. Dinners are usually given by invitation to a *table d'hôte*. Coffee-drinkings at three in the afternoon are attended by women only. The men are at that hour in taverns, drinking beer and smoking their pipes. Home, in German speech as in German thought, is "the house," just as

wife is "the woman" and husband "the man." There is truth in the remark of an American lady the other day. She had just returned from an excursion in the country. "There are two things I am thankful for: that I am not a Saxon cow nor a Saxon woman."

There is, however, one agreeable pastime in every Saxon and Silesian village, unknown in any other country. I refer to their musical concerts. A *Sing Verein* is to be found in the smallest hamlets. In precision, taste, and excellence, their bands, in rendering even classical music, are perfect. Music is taught at home, at school, at church. Everyone can read music. Everyone can take a part. And, wherever you go in the evening, sweet sounds float in the air, are echoed from the rocks, or waft themselves from the hill-tops of the smallest villages.

I have turned conversation, wherever I have met an intelligent German in eastern Faderland, in a political direction, hoping to ascertain in what estimate the great statesman and the Emperor are held by the people. It is very difficult, however, to arrive at a German's political sentiments. Politics are not talked. A man's real opinion he does not avow, even when he entertains any. It is evident enough that all Germans are proud of the great war, proud of the gallant old Emperor, proud of the victories, proud of the German nation.

Of Prince Bismarck I have rarely found an intelligent person free to talk.

"In spite of his brilliancy of talent," said a Halle Professor to me the other day, "no one has the remotest confidence in him."

"But he must have personal good qualities," I answered, "to make him such fast friends as he has."

"Every rogue of a statesman," he replied bitterly, "in all ages, has always been devotedly loved by friends. Pitt was; Fox was; Wyndham was; Calhoun was; Clay and Webster and Andrew Jackson were. All these, though they yield to Prince Bismarck in roguery as much as they do in ability, had each his blind and bigotted followers and friends. In my

judgment, it would be better for the interests of Germany, and fortunate for Bismarck himself, if his breaking constitution should remove him from political life forever. It was said of Wyndham that he would be guilty of any vile action but a lie. I am sorry to say that the remark, without the saving clause, is true of Bismarck, and that everybody believes it."

On my return from Warmbrunn, an incident, so thoroughly Silesian, occurred on board a steamboat, that I will narrate it:

I was watching the hills crowding closer at every bend of the rapid river, when my attention was diverted by a leaf of music held out by one of a band of wandering musicians which had been playing. Who could refuse a fee for such strains as theirs? All down the stream they had kept up a succession of airs that seemed to convert our exhilarating movement, the shifting cloud-shadows, the breezes and ripples and sunshine, into frolicsome music. *Kreutzer* after *Kreutzer*, a few silver coins and two or three Prussian shinplasters, were dropped upon the sheet, which was presently emptied into the hands of the flute-player who led the band.

He counted the money, shook his head, and saying "Not enough," gave the signal for a fresh burst. Now came forth the wildest strains, full of dark suggestions,

sudden fears and daring resolves, peopling the forest-covered crags and mountain fastnesses past which the steamer was shooting, with gnomes and satyrs and dancing fauns. It was doubtless the reserve piece for an emergency; but whether so or not, it answered its end. While hands kept time and eyes sparkled and heads nodded to the measure, the leaf of music went round not in vain among the crowd.

They were going to a Fair, these wandering minstrels — a single family, apparently, of father, sons and daughter, with guitars, harps, violins, and flute; poor, but discoursing strains so sweet that the leaping brooks adown the scarped hills, and the impatient river boiling through the ochre cliffs, became melodious in motion. As they put the leather covers on the instruments before landing, I saw the old sire buckle up spare stay-bones and spangled castanets as part of the toilet of his pretty daughter at the Fair. There was something magical about that girl's music. Some of the notes of her voice trilled like the very last strain the English lark gives before he drops from the clouds down to the meadow, and her fiddle began to speak before the bow had touched the strings. I called them Silesians. The Captain says they are from Bohemia. If so, Goethe spake with his usual wisdom when he bade the world go to Bohemia for music.

N. S. Dodge.

THE LAKESIDE REVIEWER.

BOOKS AND LITERATURE.

POEMS AND SONGS, MOSTLY SCOTCH. By Andrew Wanless. Detroit: Published by the author.

The flattering reception which Mr. Wanless' unpretending effusions have received, demonstrates that the strange tolerance for that most execrable perversion of which we have any vestiges in all literary history, the so-called "dialect poetry" of the period, arises from a healthy appetite for a sport and play of thought and humor of that simple kind which finds in the serious propriety of written language an irksome restraint, especially where the object is to surprise the reader into a moral or a sentiment without the least premonition. There is not, in the nature of things, a particle of incongruity between dialect and thought, however subtle, refined, or even scientifically formal. Nay, if the thoughts of one who thinks in dialect are to be written, they ought to be written in dialect. But the American necessarily thinks in far better English than he talks; for he has no dialect but conscious lingual vice, and, therefore, to record him in "dialect" is to burlesque him. But in the detestable learned-pig collocations of letters which even respectable newspapers sometimes admit to their columns, it is impossible that Josh Billings himself could think. It is astonishing that the mere fact that the regular spelling of English words is in both cases departed from should have made it sufferable to call the language of Burns and this kind of niggles by the same name. The likeness is as pertinent as that in the conundrum between Ole Bull's fiddle-bow and the Elephant: neither could climb a tree.

Mr. Wanless, in writing in Scotch, has the manifest, if not indispensable, advantage of being a Scotchman, as well as a most loyal student of the great singer of his country. We read his poems with the relish of a scorbutic sailor long becalmed, who welcomes, amidst a deceitful waste of

floating salt seaweed and stuff, true lettuces and water-cresses for his refreshment. No poem in the collection aspires to outrank the subalterns of song; though at more than one passage the listener would accept, with just credulity, that it was Burns', or Walter Scott's, or—in one place at least—Goldsmith's, reed that sounds. "Nan o' Lockermacus," is, indeed, a rather superior poem, from which we subjoin a few lines, for their perfection as a picture:

"Ae night, McCleish sat by the fire,
Weavin' the thread around the wire;
A pair of brogues lay 'neath his seat,
His slipshod bauchels graithed his feet,
His bannet blue hung on a pin,
His cowl was strapped aneath his chin;
On his chair - back a plaid was hingin';
Out ower his head twa hams were swingin',
His staff lay on the dresser - head,
Aside a trencher fou' o' bread;
A cat lay beekin' in the nook,
The kettle sang upon the crook;
Upon the fire the peats were heapit,
Clean as a preen the hearth was sweepit;
His bellowses had blawn a gale,
They now hung breathless on a nail;
An ulzie lamp stood on the brace,
Wha's light shone shimmerin' on his face;
Tam at his stockin' sat and ply'd,
At times the canty fire he eyed,
And whiles he'd glow'r about asklent—
The very picture o' content."

Here is a passage as lively as "Tam o' Shanter" itself. Tib has had a dream about the "old de'il" himself, and is describing it to her husband:

"'For Mercy's sake,' I cried, 'get aff!'
And syne I did implore him;
But ere I wist, on my breast - bane
He danc'd up Tullochgorum!
His hoofs played clatter on my banes,
His tail he lashed and flouted,
And in my lugs unearthly sounds
And mockruff laughs he shouted.

"Man! how he reeled and how he flang,
Wi' perfect exultation,
Till ilka pore was rinnin' out
Wi' brimstone perspiration!
Out frae his mouth shot bolts o' fire
That gared me geck wi' wonder,
And when he shut his lantern jaws
They crackit like the thunder!"

Were Mr. Wanless not a Scot, we would presume to question the accuracy of his dialect here and there on the standard either of Allan Ramsay or of the classic Burns, from whom, surely not out of inattention, though possibly with mistaken innovation, Mr. Wanless sometimes departs, as in *fou' for fu' (full)*. This is the more notable, since a form of foolishness is called "*fou*" in Scotland, as it is in France. But elsewhere in the volume, errors in English disclose erroneous typography; and if the discrepancies in dialect are chargeable to carelessness, let us caution Mr. Wanless that before he generously accords such indulgence to his printer, he should estimate how much he is likely to get from the public.

THE RISING FAITH. By C. A. Bartol, author of "*Radical Problems*." Boston: Roberts Brothers. (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

It was a celebrated titled dandy, we believe, who said that "*Manners make the man*." The same is true of style making the book—that is, true in the same sense and in the same degree. Those ancient and awful utterances which reach us from the lips of bards and prophets when the world was young—the *Rig Veda*, *Job*, *Ossian*—are styleless rather than in simple style, and ages have reverberated them in their powerful simplicity. Walt Whitman has attempted in our day to so broaden and universalize his song as to befit the primitive freedom of rudimental intellection. But styleless writing is impossible in an age of complex thought, just as is mannerless deportment impossible. There must be one kind of manner or another kind. Yet the power of manner has inevitable, if not very distinct, limits, and it must be considered one of the most remarkable facts of this country that the literary style of Mr. Emerson should have rendered abortive and nugatory the efforts of so many fine minds. It is generally thought that Mr. Emerson imitated Carlyle's style. To be sure, he may have made it a study, as Dr. Johnson—to the amusement of hearers—confessed that he had imitated the style of Sir William Temple. But we think that Mr. Emerson used Carlyle's

style as a license, rather than as a model. Emerson, when the public first knew him, aspired to poetry; but that his principal ambition was to be a poet cannot be disputed by any reader of his earlier effusions, particularly those which he has carefully excluded from his published volumes. But riper years and studies widened his scope until the dainty little apothegm befitting the tea-table greatened into hints that might incubate in the closet. But it was at the expense of clearness. Thus, the sharpness of the wit remained to forbid turgidity, while the vastness of the themes forbade simplicity. Under these circumstances, equivocation alone could possibly reconcile the thought with the expression, and thus came Mr. Emerson's style. It is as purely a work of art as a guitar or a piano. It is eminently that kind of writing—and we are sorry there is more of it than is commonly imagined—of which the cleverness comes from the writer and the substance from the reader himself. But the wonder is not that some one should be at the head of his class of cunning artificers, but that, for the space of a whole generation, so many men of good intellects should have been willing to forego whatever they might have to say for the sake of darkening it in Emersonian forms of speech. While it is true no powerful mind is able thus to belittle itself, even when meek enough to make the attempt, yet it is sufficiently astonishing that so many have made an attempt, success in which ought to be a feeling mortification.

Dr. Bartol's faith, whatever it is, cannot be valued by him as high as the art of writing like Emerson; an art in which he has attained to such proficiency that no person in the world, who happens to be in earnest about his own faith, will ever dispute with Dr. Bartol about his, if this work is his best exposition of it.

"Jesus heard no summons in the sky before he set foot on the earth, and never beheld God outside, at whatever remote point or gigantic elevation. His interior was the firmament that resounded and kindled beyond the sparkling vault; love and conscience his stars; sun and moon tapers in his hands. Were he better flung

out as a meteor than unfolded as a flower, or more precious as a violation than an evolution of law? His root from a dry ground, without form or comeliness, small and spindling to the carnal eye, was to set aside the big beauty of Goliath and Saul. All his flesh served for expression. Those who weigh and measure cannot do or bear most."

Is there anything in the context to clear up this? Not a word. Are all things in the book as elliptical, as paradoxical or equivocal as this? No; many of them are intelligible, straightforward and lucid—good thoughts well put, and quotable; in fact, made to quote. But throughout, passages of studied obscurity, not to call it duplicity, constrain the reader really in search of the "Rising Faith" to apply them to the more lucid, and, by construing all *in pari materia*, to perceive that the writer has not committed himself to anything but intellectual festivity.

We do not arraign Dr. Bartol as a remarkable instance of this fine art of inculcating dubiety by explicit passages, that only a most subtle and elaborate analysis and demonstration could show or be exclusive of each other when brought into juxtaposition, while the mind, if earnest after truth, unerringly feels, if it does not know, the trick. But we hold him less guiltless in this regard than if his object had been less transcendent. The ancient, and perhaps everlasting, division, of all that prophets and sages could teach into its esoteric and exoteric sides, provides the only allowable mystery in the creed of mankind, whether of the cosmology or of the soul. Concealment is implied in allegory, or primitive teaching; but concealment consists with candor. Greater candor is indispensable, if Dr. Bartol wishes his faith to rise.

BED-TIME STORIES.. By Louise Chandler Moulton. Boston: Roberts Brothers. (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

This is one of the ever-multiplying host of juvenile books, and is, perhaps, a trifle better than the average. The art of writing for children will never flourish until the practice is established of respecting child-

hood. Hitherto, the whole endeavor has been to train children to be as good as ourselves, instead of giving them a chance to grow up a great deal better. No deception is usually considered culpable whereby a child can be cheated into "good, sound doctrine." In this manner parents have for generations prejudged everything in history, and formed a tacit conspiracy to suppress adverse views, lest the demon of original sin should cut off their dear progeny from enlightenment. But a man must be below the mean who at the present day has not had the trouble to reconstruct nearly every part of his intellectual furniture to escape the intolerable restrictions placed on him with such solicitude by his father and his teacher.

But we are not going to lecture this writer in such a strain. Her little work is rather typical of a kind giving promise of improvement in these respects. Yet, the made-up character of every sentiment inculcated will escape the detection of no child of sagacity sufficient to read such effusions at all. The most of the little tales originally appeared in the "Young Folks," a periodical adapted, not to the public generally, nor in the least to children, but, with anxious and exquisite assiduity, to parents and instructors exclusively. For example, in a story for boys, "Coals of Fire," a gross and bullying churl strikes another boy, who, in consequence of a promise made to his mother not to fight, submits to the blow and the very natural jeers of the little rabble. The bully's little sister is afterward rescued from drowning by the good boy, upon which, the puerile population turn out *en masse*, headed by the bully, and call at the good boy's dwelling, where the bad boy delivers the turgid and incoherent mind called by boys "feelin' bad" for what they did, in the following Nestorian strain:

"I have come," he said, "to ask you to forgive me. I struck you a mean, unjustifiable blow. You received it with noble contempt. To provoke you into fighting I called you a coward, meaning to bring you down by some means to my own level. You bore that, too, with a greatness I was not great enough to understand—I do understand it now. I have seen you—all we

boys have seen you—face to face with Death, and seen that you were n't afraid of him. You fought with him and came off ahead; and we all are come to do honor to the bravest boy in town; and I to thank you for a life a great deal dearer and better worth saving than my own."

It is added that "Guy [the good boy] was as grand in his forgiveness as he had been in his forbearance."

RAILWAY LAW IN ILLINOIS. The Relations of Railroads to the People, as set forth in the Constitution, the Statutes, and the Decisions of Illinois; together with the Decisions of other States, and of the Federal Courts, upon the Constitutional Questions involved; with an Introduction by Hon. John M. Palmer. By Frank Gilbert. Chicago: Callaghan & Company.

Between the newspapers, with their sprightly short cuts, and the ponderous volumes of a law-office with their interminable technicalities, questions of law, when they happen to attract general attention, are usually the last things accessible to public apprehension. The rights, duties, obligations and liabilities of railway companies, are all, in the strictest sense, questions of law; and yet, to the farmers who balance their almanac memoranda of one year with those of another to see how they are getting on in the world, and find that they are going down hill fast, these are thrilling questions of common sense. Lawyers know why they cannot be settled without technicalities, but laymen think there is nothing in the way but judicial cobwebbery.

Mr. Gilbert, an experienced journalist, with more patience than characterizes his swift and busy profession, has diligently collated all the most valuable data on the legal side of the railway controversies of the times, and has succeeded in arranging them in a manner so convenient, and with a fulness so satisfactory, within the compass of a small volume, that he cannot have failed to render an important service to every person conversant with, or interested in, the most important questions of the day. The lawyer will find under the captions and sub-titles, disposed with excellent simplicity and convenience, the quoted point of every

important case in his books, and the full text of those of most recent and profound significance not yet accessibly reported; the politician, editor, or serious disputant, will be able to assure himself that he knows what it is he is talking about when he discusses charter powers, constitutional limitations and corporate liabilities; and every citizen desirous to acquaint himself with the principles of public order under which we profess to be just and free, will find in no other quarter so short a road to that knowledge without which it is impossible to distinguish a statesman from a demagogue. Were every voter to read, with studious earnestness, merely the closing chapter, in which the settled law of constitutional power and restraint is cited from the authorities, and the lucid exposition of uncontroverted common law on the subject of common carriers, introduced by Governor Palmer, the result would go farther to dethrone corruption than all the conventions ever held, because the culpable ignorance of the masses of those legal principles, about which no controversy remains at this day, is the principal opportunity of demagogical imposture. Undoubtedly, a brochure of railway law and legislation, adapted to intelligent popular apprehension, is a want of the hour, and Mr. Gilbert's timely offering will leave it no longer unsatisfied.

GRAINS FOR THE GRANGERS. By Stephen Smith, author of "Romance and Humor of the Rail." Chicago: Union Publishing Co.

This is gotten up to sell—and is worth its price, and more, for the historical and statistical data, and the extracts from expository writers and speakers on subjects cognate to the questions of the time, thus assembled for the convenience of many not otherwise likely to get any knowledge of what they are talking about. But, unless this "Farmers' Movement" is a great farce, it is entitled to be treated only with the sobriety of a great subject.

Attempts to save stupid and illiterate citizens the severe mental labor, without which they can understand nothing whatever of their rights, by belittling the questions themselves, we are not willing to countenance. We dislike this disguising

grave and perplexing questions in the style, and discussing them on the plane, of the simplest and most casual topics, with the effect of abstracting from the heedless reader the only basis he has on which to even acquire knowledge of the matter in any way — viz.: a consciousness of his ignorance — by persuading him to read through a volume or essay on social philosophy, finance, or constitutional law, as an engaging entertainment. This practice amongst country editors rendered the civil war of 1861 inevitable. Nay, it is the only thing under the sun that enabled monopolies to acquire the very ascendancy now resisted by the "Grangers." The warnings were centuries old, and the evidences were rife and innumerable; but the people were kept ignorant of the evil tendencies of the times by the practice of talking of them through tin whistles, when they should have been proclaimed through the loudest artillery of the intellect. It is a slander upon the masses that they will not, or that they cannot, reason with Mill and Cobden and Wells, if they are suffered to comprehend that in no other way can they have any share in preserving their rights, nor any ground for having any to preserve.

It is preëminently true of all manner of fundamental issues of public expediency, that only those who have ears to hear can hear at all. The citizen, then, must learn, first of all, that the ear of apprehension is his great want, and to procure it, his great labor. If the mass had it now, no man would dare tempt their merciless indignation by presuming to address them in sport upon themes involving their peace and their liberty.

SAXE HOLM'S STORIES. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

Perhaps the most ardent admirers are the quickest critics of this writer. They are prone to believe, as we do, that the art of story telling is less his forte than the mere coadjutor of his expression of thoughts. Sometimes subtle, sometimes obscure, but always apparently the efflux of a mind that has the faculty to inwardly digest the common fruits of common and casual perceptions; a faculty of which the best and high-

est modern fiction is the product. If "Draxy Miller" had been known to the reader only up to the moment of her arrival at the remote hamlet where she was publicly expected, he would have liked to keep her in memory forever, without the least solicitude about the rest of her days. He would enjoy the confidence that they were happy and moral. But the tale would then have been both short and simple. The more elaborate and prolonged history was, at least, on its good behavior; while, in fact, the separate sequel story, "The Elder's Wife," is badly out of joint with its prologue. Those who cannot suppose a woman of dignity and judgment without a public mission, would admit that for so excellent a young specimen as "Draxy" no better fate was probable. By making her a haranguer and a missionary, even in a holy cause, the writer has allowed it to be inferred that he agrees with those who think that want of courage is all that keeps any woman from the stump, ecclesiastical or lay. Let us hope a writer of such evident power will lift his pen above all forms of pandering. We think the evidences are strong of a deeper penetration of the human heart than can possibly consist with the coarse postulates of any crowd. "How one Woman Kept her Husband" is the title of a story of uncommon merit; and we may say they are all good. But they are not the best effusions which could come from the same pen, if we mistake not.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

STORIES OF INFINITY. By Camille Flammarion. Illustrated by S. R. Crocker. Boston: Roberts Brothers. (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

WHAT KATY DID AT SCHOOL. By Susan Coolidge, author of "New Year's Bargain," etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers. (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

LADY HESTER; OR, URSULA'S NARRATIVE. By Charlotte M. Yonge, author of "Heir of Redcliffe," etc. London: Macmillan & Co. (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

LOVE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. A Fragment. By Harriet W. Preston, author of "Aspendale." Boston: Roberts Brothers. (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

SAXE HOLM'S STORIES. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

SONGS FROM THE SOUTHERN SEAS. By John Boyle O'Reilly. Boston: Roberts Brothers. (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

BETSEY LEE, A FO'C'S'LE YARN. New York: Macmillan & Co. (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.)